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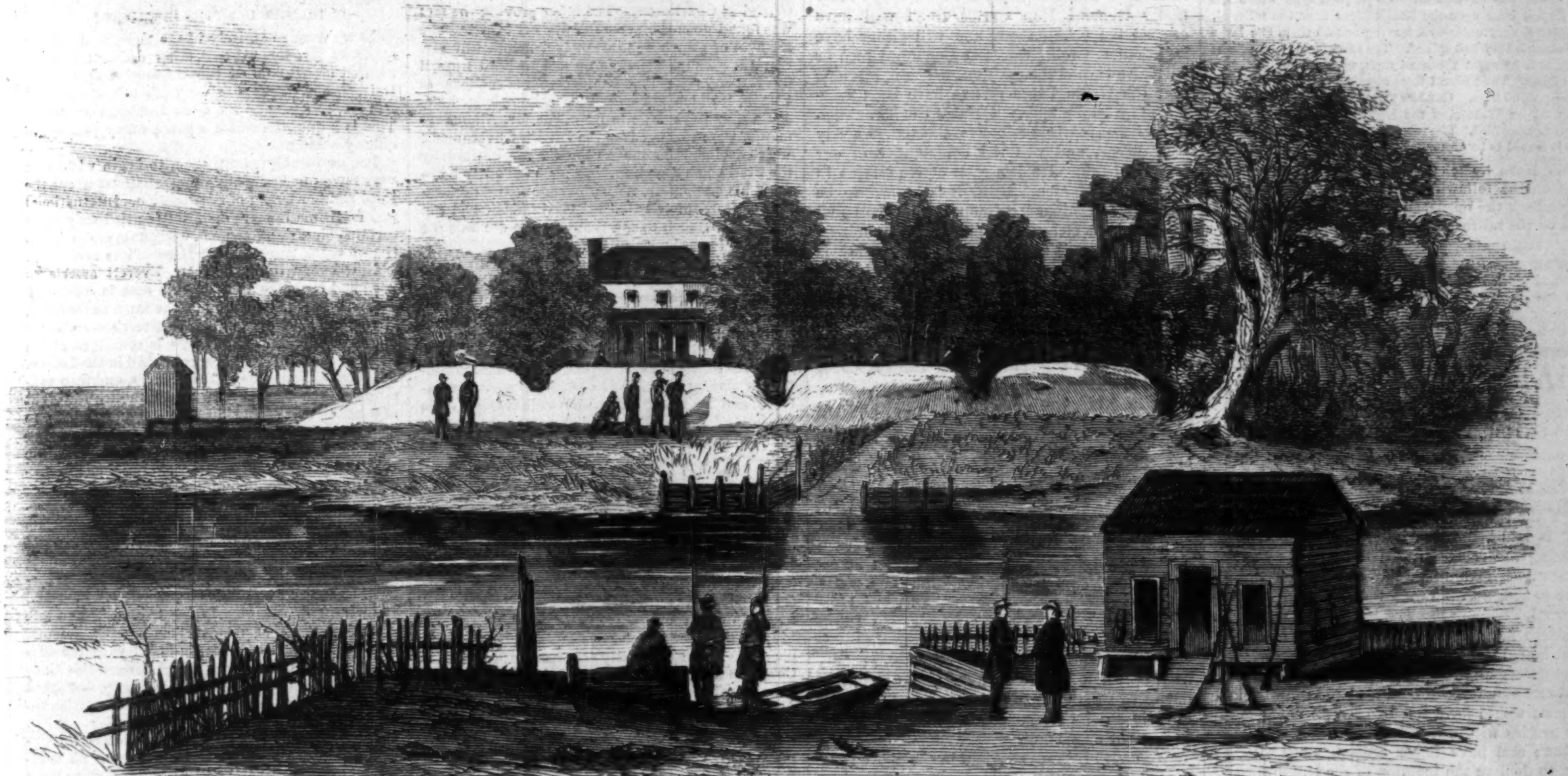

FORT ROYAL FERRY, SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF FIRST JANUARY, 1862.—From a Sketch by a Member of the Expedition.—[See next Page.]

SCENE IN THE PARLOR OF MR. BARNWELL'S HOUSE AT BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[Sketched by our Special Artist.]

PORT ROYAL FERRY.

WE publish on the preceding page a view of PORT ROYAL FERRY, where the fight took place between our troops, under General Stevens, and the rebels. The following account from the *Herald* explains the affair:

We have received news of a victory over the rebels on the 1st inst., in a brisk fight near Port Royal Ferry, about twenty-five miles from Hilton Head. The expedition which achieved this victory was a combined military and naval one, and was under the joint command of Brigadier-General I. I. Stevens and Captain Rogers of the flag-ship *Wabash*. The troops engaged consisted of the Eighth Michigan regiment, Pennsylvania Round Heads, Fiftieth Pennsylvania, Seventy-ninth New York Militia, Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth New York Volunteers. The naval vessels consisted of the gun-boats *Ellen*, *Seneca*, *Pembina*, and *Ottawa*.

General Stevens's brigade advanced on Port Royal on the 1st instant, and took possession of the rebel batteries after short resistance of the rebels. The brigade was assisted by the gun-boats, which shelled the batteries. General Stevens then followed up the blow until he arrived within six miles of the Charleston Railroad.

A flag of truce was sent by the rebels, who desired permission to collect and bury their dead, which was granted. One hour was allowed for that purpose, after which the rebels fell back upon the fortifications near the railroad, which are very extensive, leaving behind them one large gun, which they had spiked. The rebel force engaged was estimated at eight thousand men, under Generals Gregg and Pope. The Federal force engaged was four thousand five hundred men. Our loss was nine wounded—one mortally, Major Watson, of the Eighth Michigan Regiment, who has since died. The rebel loss is not positively known, but it is said to be pretty large.

We learn by telegraph, through rebel sources, that on the following day our troops advanced, drove back the rebels, and took possession of a station on the railroad.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1862.

THE WEEK AND THE PROSPECT.

BY the time this Number of *Harper's Weekly* is laid before its readers the work of suppressing the rebellion will have begun in real earnest. The long period of preparation will have ended, and the final tussle will have commenced.

There have been many among us who have complained of the long stage of inaction which has succeeded the battle of Bull Run. Many well-meaning but weak-minded and limp-backed citizens would have liked to see an advance of our armies within a month after the Bull Run defeat; and have never ceased, since August last, to deplore the inaction of the Union forces, and the apparent progress of the rebellion. The fact is, that the Bull Run defeat was followed by a general disintegration of the Union army. The bulk of the troops who fought on that disastrous day were three months' men, who went home directly after the battle. General M'Clellan, on assuming command of the army of the Potomac, found it to consist of raw levies, unacquainted with discipline, unprovided with arms, unable to move in masses, without military knowledge, equipments, or competent officers. It was a mere mob, in fact. His first duty was to convert this mob into an army. Jomini, quoting Napoleon, says that it takes six months to make infantry recruits fit for service in the field, and twelve months to drill cavalry. If they are taken into action before they are soldiers, he adds, they are more likely to do harm than good. General M'Clellan's first orders, when he took the command at Washington, were, first, a police order putting an end to the loose discipline which had previously prevailed among the volunteers; and, secondly, an order brigading the troops as fast as they arrived at the capital. General Burnside spent several weeks in the duty of brigading the regiments which poured into Washington, and daily brigade drills were ordered. When a sufficient number of brigades had been organized they were formed into divisions, and division commanders—Buell, Porter, Franklin, Heintzelman, Hooker, M'Call, Banks, M'Dowell, etc.—were placed in command, and directed to train the men to move by divisions. All this naturally took time. The twenty-two weeks which have elapsed since the Battle of Bull Run are if any thing too short a period to perfect the officers in their duties, and the men in the various evolutions of company, battalion, regimental, brigade, and division movement. So far from complaining of M'Clellan's inaction experienced soldiers would rather advise his keeping his men in training for another month or two. No man would undertake to make boots, or coats, or books, or cotton cloth, or to sell merchandise or stocks, or to cure diseases, or plead lawsuits, after an apprenticeship of only five months and a half. If M'Clellan has educated his mob of volunteers to the proper pitch of military discipline in that period, all that can be said is that he has done wonders.

At any rate, we are led to believe that the real work is now about to begin in earnest. Before this paper meets the public eye, General Burnside's column will have commenced operations. It seems to be universally understood that it is to operate on the York, James, or Rappahannock rivers—being in fact a flank attack on the rebel army of the Potomac. General Magruder appears to be satisfied that it is to ascend the York River. Simultaneously with its operations, it may be expected that General Hooker will assail the rebel Batteries at Evansport, General M'Clellan will make a forward movement on the line of the Occoquan, and General Lander, who has taken the place of General Kelley, will move on Winchester, while General Banks moves on Leesburg. Thus assailed at all points, it is assumed, that General Johnston will be compelled to give battle in the open field, and it is taken for granted that he will labor under such disadvantages that he can not but meet with defeat.

Meanwhile it may be gathered from the various contradictory reports from Kentucky and the line of the Mississippi River, that, by the time these lines are read, the bulk of the army under General Don Carlos Buell will have crossed the Green River and will either have assaulted the rebel works at Bowling Green or will have turned the position. The new bridge over the Green River was to have been completed by 1st January. General Buell's antagonist, General Albert Sydney Johnston, is a very able officer, and was the commander of our army in Utah. He has seen active service in Texas and Mexico. Still, it is known to be General M'Clellan's opinion that he will find his match in General Buell; and in numbers, equipment, arms, and discipline, our army is sure to be superior to that of the rebels. General Buell can not have far short of 75,000 fighting men under his command.

We look also, during the current week, for news of movements down the Mississippi. At latest dates the whole of General Halleck's fleet of gun and mortar boats had mustered at Cairo, and a land army of some 30,000 men was there to support them. It is expected that before these lines are read this army will be nearly doubled, and the flotilla will be ready for work. Opinions differ among military men with regard to the policy General Halleck will pursue. Some authorities pretend that he will send his army in transports down the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers until a point is reached due east of Memphis, and that he will march on that city while his flotilla fights its way down the river. Others, again, look for a direct march from Cairo and Paducah upon Columbus, in conjunction with the advance of the fleet. Whichever course be adopted, it is safe to expect that within a day or two the great Mississippi expedition will have begun its work. In either event Union men count upon success as reasonably certain.

We have made no allusion, in the above brief review, to the movements of our armies at the South. They will, however, naturally exercise a potent influence upon the grand result. At the time we write the whole sea-coast, from Savannah to Charleston, is in the hands of our forces, and we hold the railroad between those two cities. No forces or news can be sent from Savannah to Charleston, or *vice versa*, except by making a great detour. It is in our power to take either city at any time, and doubtless one or both will be captured very shortly.

Simultaneously the Butler expedition is operating vigorously in the Gulf. General Phelps, who is an excellent soldier, though a poor proclamation-maker, has occupied Ship Island, which commands the channel between New Orleans and Mobile, and also Biloxi, on the main land. The *Constitution* has since sailed with reinforcements, under command of General Butler in person, and it is well understood that his arrival will be followed by movements of great interest to the rebels in Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. The final operations against New Orleans will probably be deferred until Commodore Porter's flotilla, which is now rapidly fitting out, reaches the mouth of the river; but in the mean time it is likely that other places of scarcely less importance will fall into our hands.

The fate of battles rests with God alone, and no one can tell what fortune our brave volunteers may encounter. At the same time it generally happens that the heaviest artillery and the biggest battalions carry the day, and we believe we have the advantage in this respect. A few days now will tell the tale.

THE LOUNGER.

WHAT NEXT?

ALTHOUGH the immediate occasion of collision between this country and Great Britain may have been removed, the maudlin ferocity of the British feeling, as shown in the rhodomontade of the newspapers, is quite enough to apprise every sensible man that only the occasion, and not the cause, has been removed. Still further—the attitude of the British Government from the beginning of the rebellion has been passively hostile to the United States. Before Mr. Dallas left London, Lord John Russell explained himself very vaguely and unsatisfactorily in regard to the recognition of the rebels as an independent power; and the Queen's Proclamation, issued upon the very day of Mr. Adams's arrival in London, showed beyond debate, the intention of the British Government to prejudge the question, and to act without authorized intelligence of the views and purposes of the United States. At the same time the British and French governments came to an understanding to act together in regard to our condition; and they informed other European states that they were expected to concur with them in whatever measures might be taken.

In the early summer began the movement of troops to Canada, and the shipping of great quantities of military stores to the same point, with the sailing of armed ships into our waters. The offer of the United States made to Great Britain and France to accede to the Treaty of Paris was simultaneously declined by both those powers, except upon condition of our assuming obligations which they declined to assume for themselves. The Mexican intervention was agreed upon by Great Britain, France, and Spain, in the development of which a large foreign fleet will be thrown into the Gulf of Mexico. Meanwhile the British Government, through an agent here, had privately, not officially, approached the rebel authorities to invite their virtual adhesion to the Treaty of Paris. The agent of this business was Robert Bunch, British Consul at Charleston. The letter proving the fact was found upon the person of Robert Mure. The removal of Bunch was instantly demanded by Mr. Seward. The matter was opened to Lord Russell by Mr. Adams; and the secret instructions to Bunch, "which are only now acknowledged because they have come to light," as Mr. Adams remarks, were confessed by the British Government, which declined to remove Bunch. Mr. Seward, by the President's direction, thereupon instantly withdrew his exequatur, notwithstanding the declaration of Earl Russell that his Government had not authorized Bunch to say that what he did was the first step toward recognition.

The interior history of our relations with Great Britain since the outbreak of the rebellion fully authorize Mr. Seward to say, as he does in his dispatch of July 21, to Mr. Adams: "The United States and Great Britain have assumed incompatible and thus far irreconcilable positions on the subject of the existing insurrection." The total alienation of feeling which has ensued between the nations, and its bitter expression culminating upon the part of England in the ludicrous drivel of the London *Times*, which calls the people of the United States "a degraded mob;" the wild and wanton British hatred and insolence developed by the affair of the *Trent;* the steady assumption of the destruction of this Government; the open aid given to rebel ships and the common courtesies refused to ours, notwithstanding the claim of "friendly neutrality" between an allied power and a faction of its citizens seeking to overthrow it—all these things are signs no less sure than the rising cloud and the muttering thunder.

If in the year which ends in April the Government has not substantially suppressed the insurrection, or is not clearly suppressing it, Great Britain, France, and the lesser powers will recognize the independence of the rebellious section. As the rebel ministers are received at foreign courts our ministers retire. Treaties between the new nation and the old will follow. It is to be reasonably supposed that the British navy, perhaps united with the French, will try to open the blockade. That act is war between us and those powers.

Three winter months are not a long time to complete so great a work. It can be done only by the utmost effort of the nation. Every means is now a military necessity. The victory over rebellion must be overwhelming, radical, and final. Can we justly spare any effort? The right of the Government to summon the insurgents to surrender under peril of losing the labor of their slaves is as unquestionable as that of summoning them to do so under peril of loss of property and life. If such a measure be adopted, and the nation is saved, the endangered peace of the world confirmed, and the root of all our troubles is removed, will any honest citizen regret that a great act of justice was done by the way? If such a measure be delayed, and the inevitable recognition of the rebellion leads to foreign war and domestic disunion, will the Government, legislative and executive, have done all it ought to have done to avert so tragical a disaster?

MR. SEWARD'S LETTER.

TIME enough has now elapsed to perceive that Mr. Seward has performed one of the most difficult and delicate tasks that ever devolved upon a statesman with such calmness, dignity, and consummate ability, that there is universal national assent. There are many who think that the surrender must have been made, right or wrong, to avoid a war for which we were not prepared; and they are glad that a humiliating necessity has been met so adroitly. There are others who think that the question was, at best, doubtful; and they are glad that, at this time, it has been decided against ourselves. There are still others who think that the true American doctrine honorably required the surrender; and they are glad that the nation has maintained its own principle even under the implied threat of war. "If I decide this case in favor of my own Government," says Mr. Seward, "I must disavow its most cherished principles, and reverse and forever abandon its essential policy." He therefore decides as an American statesman ought to decide. The national pride may be wounded, because pride always insists upon sticking to what has been done, right or wrong. But the national honor is entirely unstained. And the business of a statesman is to vindicate the honor of his nation, even at the expense of its pride.

We are not of those who regard Mr. Seward's letter as making the best of a bad case. On the contrary, if we were at perfect peace, and a similar case should arise, it would be the duty of the United States to take precisely the same ground. Some kind of visitation and search of neutrals by belligerents is universally conceded. That some things are contraband of war is equally recognized. That some persons may be contraband is not disputed. But the decision of what is contraband in property must be referred to prize courts; and if property must be so referred, how much more must persons? The judgment is too momentous to be left to a naval officer. If, therefore, in this case, the *Trent* had been taken into some prize port and condemned, and Slidell and Mason held to be contraband, we could not have released them without dishonor. If Mr. Seward could have answered his fifth question as easily and finally as he did the first four, his conclusion, by his own reasoning and upon our great principle, would have been, The demand of the British Government can not be granted. If war must follow, we have fought that Government before upon the same question, and not unsuccessfully. We sneer at the claim of Great Britain to make her whim maritime law; but how could we have respected ourselves in fighting against the principle in 1862 that we fought so well for in 1812?

That Great Britain had always done what Captain Wilkes did, and with no provocation whatever, is true enough. But Great Britain is not our model, thank God! in politics, in manners, or in morality.

DO THE DOCTORS DISAGREE?

IF we were so entirely in the right in the *Trent* affair as Mr. Everett and other eminent Doctors assured us, why do we consent to give up the two traitors, except because we can't help ourselves? Are Mr. Everett and the other Doctors all wrong? This is a question which a great many people are quietly asking.

Let us frankly grant, then, to begin with, that very few of us know any thing whatever about the legal right or wrong of the question. International and maritime law are definitely settled only upon certain points; and no man, without especial attention to them, can say what those points are.

Now every thing that Mr. Everett asserts as good and recognized law in this case is confirmed by Mr. Seward. They quote the same authorities, often the same words. Mr. Everett's most elaborate consideration of the case is contained in his paper of the 7th December, published in the *Ledger*. He there recounts the circumstances, and then considers all the points of law that establish the right of a belligerent state ship, like the *San Jacinto*, to stop a neutral contract merchant vessel carrying passengers and mails, like the *Trent:* and, in the words of Sir William Scott, "to stop the embassador of your enemy upon his passage."

Mr. Everett establishes the point beyond question. He introduces, indeed, some arguments which Mr. Seward, as Secretary of State, can not admit. Mr. Everett, for instance, lays great stress upon the Queen's proclamation of neutrality, forbidding subjects to carry dispatches, officers, etc., at their peril. Obviously the Secretary of State can not allow that mere rebels are belligerents. The English proclamation, in his view, is the declaration of an unfriendly purpose toward this Government; but this Government prefers to disregard the purpose and await the overt *act* of unfriendliness which is implied by the proclamation. When Great Britain follows the proclamation to its logical result, and recognizes the rebels as an independent Power, it will be time for this Government to act also. If Mr. Seward argued upon the ground of the proclamation, he would argue against the carrying of his own dispatches to our foreign ministers by English ships. Mr. Everett may use the argument for his purpose, and he uses it ably, but the Secretary of State can not.

Nevertheless, by perfectly conclusive reasoning they reach the same result—namely, that Captain Wilkes had a right to stop the ship and the embassadors. There, however, Mr. Everett's argument ends and Mr. Seward's begins. He agrees entirely with Mr. Everett, that the rebels were contraband; that Captain Wilkes might lawfully stop the ship; that he did it properly; that having found the contraband he had a right to capture them; but that he did not exercise the right in conformity to the law of nations.

Therefore we were right, but not *entirely* right, and in such cases an incomplete right is not enough. The eminent Doctors justly establish the right of stopping the ship and the embassadors; but they none of them establish, because none of them but the Secretary discusses, the right of deciding the question as Captain Wilkes decided. Therefore, also, we do not give up the traitors because we should have war if we did not, but because every part of the law is equally vital, and the act was not altogether lawful.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

TIME, like Portia, is a Daniel when it comes to judgment. For years, when we had no navy, when we had twelve ships and Great Britain had nine hundred, she wantonly insulted our flag by stopping our merchantmen and taking out whatever persons the British captains might choose to call British subjects, although without any complaint against them. And this business was openly approved and supported by the British Government.

A few weeks ago a loyal and brave captain in our navy, upon his own responsibility, takes from a British merchantman two American citizens publicly known as conspirators against the existence of this Government. Great Britain trembles with rage, and roars out: "It thus appears that certain individuals have been forcibly taken from on board a British vessel, the ship of a neutral Power, while such vessel was pursuing a lawful and innocent voyage—an act of violence which was an affront to the British flag, and a violation of international law."

The demand is stern, but not in terms uncourteous. As the United States neither authorised the act nor justified the method, the certain individuals were "cheerfully liberated."

But now mark, Jew, a Daniel, a Daniel come to judgment. If at any time hereafter, in her European or other wars, British cruisers should stop

any neutral American ship and undertake to remove, or succeed in removing, any person claimed under any whimsey of owing allegiance to the British Crown, that Crown would instantly hear from Washington: "It thus appears that certain individuals have been forcibly taken from on board a United States vessel, the ship of a neutral Power, while such vessel was pursuing a lawful and innocent voyage—an act of violence which was an affront to the United States flag, and a violation of international law."

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

FRANCE AND NEUTRALITY.

The letter of M. Thouvenel to Mr. Seward is interesting in itself, as showing the French doctrine of neutral rights. It is interesting historically, because throughout our troubles England and France have moved hand in hand. France asserts for herself the unquestionable right of her flag, when neutral, to cover vessels and cargo between neutral ports, even although there be enemy's civil agents on board. The only doubt she raises, and that is but a doubt, is the case of "military people actually in the service of the enemy."

This ground, of course, concedes the right of search to ascertain that the flag is truly neutral, and not falsely borne; and that the vessel is making a neutral voyage but nothing further.

The United States, according to Mr. Seward's letter, takes the ground, that "whatever disputes have existed concerning a right of visitation or search in time of peace, none, it is supposed, has existed in modern times about the right of a belligerent in time of war to capture contraband in neutral and even friendly merchant vessels." And the Secretary assumes, that, according to British maritime law, the fact of passage of the neutral "from one neutral point to another does not modify the right of the belligerent captor."

This ground, of course, covers the right of our cruisers to stop a French merchantman conveying dispatches or embassadors, and taking them before a prize court for condemnation. But upon the doctrine advanced by France, if Breckinridge and Hunter should embark from a French colony in a French mail-packet for a French port, the case of the *Trent*, *mutatis mutandis*, and the ship and passengers be seized for adjudication, we should be brought into direct issue with France.

It is of the utmost importance to the peace of the world that this vexed question should be settled. The joint action of France and England, however, in the matter of our offer to accede to the Treaty of Paris, pure and simple—an action by which they proposed to impose a condition upon us which they did not accept for themselves—precludes the hope of any present adjustment. We must therefore all the more desire that no direct complication of the kind may arise with France.

"MISTRESS AND MAID."

Bulwer's tale, "A Strange Story," regularly published in the *Weekly*, is about ended. Thackeray's "Philip," and Anthony Trollope's "Orley Farm," with its charming illustrations by Millais, are still proceeding amicably together in *Harper's Magazine*.

But the story-tellers never tire. Wilkie Collins, whose fascinating and famous "Woman in White" was read with such avidity, and managed with such masterly skill by the author, is about commencing a new tale, of which the readers of the *Weekly* will have the earliest glimpses; while the author of "John Halifax," one of the most popular and delightful of late novels, begins in *Harper's Magazine* in February a story called "Mistress and Maid." The opening is most genial and charming. The Flemish detail of portraiture and scenery reveal the sharp eye and steady hand which the friends of "John Halifax" recall; while the sketches of the three sisters, the sedate elder, no longer young, the invalid second, and the younger, Hilary, only twenty, give promise of a tale of the greatest interest, enlivened with the most smiling humor. It is a domestic story with a winning household tone in it, and yet even in the first chapter the rosy hue of romance invests it. The story is sure to be a delightful companion in these tumultuous times.

AGAIN?

A day or two before Mr. Seward's letter appeared, an English gentleman, rubbing his hands briskly, remarked to an American friend, "War! war! of course, war. You have insulted us, and we shall just turn to and lay you down, and give you a good thrashing."

"What!" replied the American, quietly, scrawling carelessly upon the newspaper he was reading the figures 1775 and 1812, "What, *again?*"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Agricultural.—"I put outside my window a large box, filled it with mould, and sowed it with seed. What do you think came up? Wheat, barley, or oats? No, a policeman, who ordered me to remove it."

"First class in philosophy stand up. Thibets, what is life?"—"Life consists of money, a horse, and a fashionable wife." "What is poverty?"—"The reward of merit which genius receives from a discriminating public." "What is religion?"—"Doing unto others as you please, without allowing a return of the compliment." "What is fame?"—"A six-line puff in a newspaper."

An English gentleman once fell from his horse and injured his thumb. The pain increasing, he was obliged to send for a surgeon. One day the doctor was unable to visit his patient, and therefore sent his son instead.

"Have you visited the Englishman?" said his father in the evening.

"Yes," replied the young man, "and I have drawn out a thorn which I ascertained to be the chief cause of his agony."

"Fool!" exclaimed the father. "I trusted you had more sense; now there is an end to the job."

A celebrated poet advertised that he would supply "Lines for any occasion." A fisherman sought him soon after, and wanted "a line strong enough to catch a porpoise."

Somebody has said that "We ought always to believe less than we are told." This may be a safe maxim for general use, but when a woman intrusts you—in confidence, of course—with her age, you may always believe a great deal more than you are told.

"What have you got to say, old *Bacon-face?*" said a counselor to a farmer at the late Cambridge Assizes. "Why," answered the farmer, "I am thinking my *Bacon-face* and your *Calf's-head* would make a very good dish."

"James, my boy, take this letter to the post-office, and pay the postage." The boy returned highly elated, and said, "Father, I seed a lot of men putting letters in a little place, and when no one was looking I slipped yours in for nothing."

It is related of the French family of the Duke de Levis, that they have a picture in their chateau in which Noah is represented going into the ark, and carrying under his arm a small trunk on which is written, "Papers belonging to the Levis family."

"My faculty, surely, is the more ancient, for the killing of Abel by Cain was the first criminal case," said a lawyer to a medical friend. "Sure enough," replied the doctor; "but before that happened a rib was taken out of Adam's side, and that constituted the first surgical operation."

A lady, very fond of her husband, notwithstanding his ugliness of person, once said to Rogers, the poet, "What do you think? My husband has laid out fifty guineas for a baboon on purpose to please me." "The dear little man!" replied Rogers; "it's just like him."

Some minds will always be slow till you cut them to the quick.

We suppose that there is quite as large an amount of craft upon the land as there is upon the water.

Swinging is said, by the doctors, to be a good exercise for the health, but many a poor wretch has come to his death by it.

A beggar boy applying to a lady at Boston for money to get a dose of castor-oil, was called in, and the oil was administered gratis, despite his grimaces.

"How are you to-day?" inquired a doctor of his patient. "A little better, thank you." "Have you taken any dinner to-day?" "Yes, a little goose." "With appetite?" "No, Sir, with apple-sauce."

Wanted to know—whether the volume of sound has yet been found.

A curate having been overhauled by his bishop for attending a ball, the former replied, "My lord, I wore a mask." "Oh well," returned the bishop, "that puts a new face on the affair."

The "boy" who was told that the best cure for palpitation of the heart was to quit kissing the girls, said, "If that is the only remedy which can be proposed, I, for one, say let 'er palpitate."

It is a current belief that a wolf is never more dangerous than when he feels *sheepish*.

A lawyer once asked a hotel-keeper the following question: "If a man gives you a hundred pounds to keep for him, and dies, what do you do? Do you pray for him?" "No, Sir," replied the landlord; "I pray for another like him."

A belle doesn't differ so very much from a bell; both have their clappers in their mouths.

NAPOLEON BIDING HIS TIME.

See the *Opinion Nationale* and other French papers on the *Trent* Affair, in another column.

An old gentleman who had dabbled all his life in statistics, says he never heard of but one woman who insured her life. He accounts for this by the singular fact of one of the questions being, "What is your age?"

"Mike, and is it yerself that can be afther telling me how they make ice-crame?" "In truth I can. Don't they bake them in cowld ovens, to be sure!"

An officer who had lost his hand by a grape-shot was in company with a young lady, who remarked that it was a cruel ball which deprived him of his hand. "A noble ball, madam," said he, "for it bore away the palm!"

Why is a fine woman like a locomotive?—Because she draws a train after her, transports the mails (males), and makes us forget time and space.

Sir James, then Mr. Mackintosh, once dining in a large party with Parr, the conversation turned upon an Irish Roman Catholic priest, who had been executed for treason at Maidstone. Mackintosh, violent in his observations on the culprit, drew down upon himself the wrath of the Doctor: "Sir," said Parr, "the criminal who has been hanged was an Irishman—he *might have been* a Scotchman; he was a priest—he *might have been* a lawyer; he was consistent—he *might have been* an apostate!"

They have got a pig in Hampshire so thoroughly educated that he has taken to music. They regulate his tune by twisting his tail—the greater the twist the higher the note.

"Speaking of shaving," said a pretty girl to an obdurate old bachelor, "I should think that a pair of handsome eyes would be the best mirror to shave by." "Yes, many a poor fellow has been 'shaved' by them," the wretch replied.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, December 30, in the Senate, a number of petitions praying for the emancipation of the slaves under the war power were presented. A communication was received from the Secretary of War, stating that it is incompatible with the public interest to furnish the correspondence which has passed between General Scott and General Patterson relative to the conduct of the war. Senator Davis, of Kentucky, introduced a bill declaring certain persons enemies, and for sacrificing their property for the benefit of loyal citizens.——In the House, Mr. Spaulding introduced a bill authorizing the issue of Treasury Notes, payable on demand. It was referred to the Committee on Ways and Means. A bill was introduced repealing certain laws creating ports of entry. Mr. Potter offered resolutions calling on the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of the Interior to furnish the select committee appointed to inquire into the alleged disloyalty of Government employés with certain information, in order to make their report. He stated that there were five hundred clerks in the public employ who are disloyal to the Government. The resolutions were objected to, and therefore were not acted on.

On Thursday, January 2, in the Senate, petitions were presented for the emancipation of slaves under the war power, and for the establishment of a line of mail steamers between San Francisco and China. Senator Kennedy presented a resolution from the State of Maryland protesting against interference with slavery in the States by the General Government. Senator Sumner offered a resolution, which was adopted, that the President be requested, if not incompatible with the public interest, to transmit to the Senate all the correspondence which has taken place since the Congress held at Paris in 1856, relating to neutral and belligerent rights on the ocean. A bill providing for the appointment of sutlers for the volunteers, and defining their duties, was introduced by Senator Wilson, and referred. Senator Wilson offered a resolution directing inquiry with reference to an increase of the military force; also a resolution calling for information as to the number of cavalry regiments authorized to be raised, where they are stationed, and if it would not be advisable to convert those not yet mustered into service into regiments of infantry—both adopted. The Secretary of War was requested to furnish copies of the reports of the Surgeon-General and Sanitary Commission on the health of the army.——In the House, a resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of War for information why certain regiments of New York volunteers now in Washington are not provided with arms, and whether any legislation is necessary to enable the War Department to furnish arms to the troops now in the field. A bill providing for the defense of Philadelphia and the Delaware River was introduced and referred. Mr. Vallandigham offered a resolution calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for information respecting the national debt and revenue, but it was objected to and was not received.

On Monday, January 6, in the Senate, the credentials of the new Senator from Oregon, Mr. Stark, were presented by his colleague, but Senator Fessenden moved that the administration of the oath be suspended, and that the credentials and certain papers in his possession impeaching the loyalty of Mr. Stark be referred to the Judiciary Committee. After some discussion the papers were laid on the table for the present. The documents for the State Department relative to the *Trent* affair were received, and made the special order for Thursday. Senator Fessenden offered a joint resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to allow goods (coffee, tea, and sugar) warehoused before the passage of the recent act, to be withdrawn, with the duty of the former act paid, and the duties collected on such goods under the late act be refunded. The resolution was adopted. Senator Collamer offered a resolution that the Committee on the Post-Office be instructed to inquire into the expediency of placing a tax on conveying intelligence by telegraph. The resolution was agreed to. Senator Davis introduced a joint resolution that the President procure an exchange of prisoners from the privateer *Jeff Davis* for prisoners taken from the army of the United States. The joint resolution was adopted.——In the House, Mr. Roscoe L. Conkling, of New York, called attention to the fact that on the second day of the session a resolution was adopted requesting the Secretary of War to inform the House whether any steps have been taken to ascertain who are responsible for the defeat of the Union forces at the battle of Ball's Bluff. To this resolution the military authorities made answer to the effect that the proposed investigation would be incompatible with the public interests. This answer Mr. Conkling, Mr. Lovejoy, and others deemed unsatisfactory, and they animadverted upon the management of the Ball's Bluff affair, and the conduct of the war generally, in severe terms. Finally, Mr. Conkling offered a resolution declaring that the answer of the War Department is neither responsive nor satisfactory to the House, and that the Secretary of War be directed to return a further answer, and after a long discussion it was adopted by a vote of 79 against 64. A joint resolution, authorizing the withdrawal of tea, coffee, and sugar from bonded warehouses on payment of the rate of duty levied under the tariff of August last, and to refund any excess of duties above those imposed by the said act of August, was adopted.

SKIRMISH IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

Our troops in Western Virginia had a brisk skirmish with the rebels at Huntersville on Saturday morning, which resulted in a complete success. A body of our men, numbering seven hundred and forty, and consisting of a portion of the Fifth Ohio, Second Virginia, and Brocken's cavalry, made an attack on Huntersville, which was defended by four hundred rebel cavalry and three hundred and fifty infantry, and after an attack of an hour's duration the rebels were defeated with a loss of eighty killed and wounded. No one was killed on the Union side. The enemy retired from the town, leaving eighty thousand dollars' worth of army stores and clothing in the hands of our troops.

DEPARTURE OF MASON AND SLIDELL.

Messrs. Mason and Slidell have taken their departure for England in the British war steamer *Rinaldo*, which arrived at Provincetown on 31st December. They were taken from Fort Warren by the tug-boat *Starlight* at eleven o'clock on 1st January, and put on board the *Rinaldo*, together with their secretaries, Eustis and M'Farland. The *Rinaldo* sailed for Europe at six o'clock on the evening of New-Year's Day, the wind at that time blowing a perfect hurricane.

RELEASE OF UNION PRISONERS.

Two hundred and forty Union prisoners were brought to Fortress Monroe on Friday, who were released from Richmond. They were brought down the James River by the rebel steamer *Northampton*, and put on board the steamboat *George Washington*. They were soon after forwarded to Baltimore.

A LANDING IN MISSISSIPPI.

A rumor was published in the Richmond *Dispatch* of Friday last that General Butler had made advances from Ship Island, in the Mississippi Sound, to Biloxi, a small town on the coast, where they landed from five to seven thousand men, and that the Union troops would soon occupy all the towns and villages in that vicinity, and intend to push on to Jackson.

TREPIDATION ON THE YORK RIVER.

It was learned from some contrabands taken in small canoes off Back River, in the Chesapeake Bay, last week, that the inhabitants of Yorktown are in a state of great trepidation, fearing that the destination of General Burnside's expedition is the York River, and that a grand attack is to be made on Yorktown. It is said that General Magruder telegraphed to Richmond for permission to destroy Yorktown by fire, and that he was directed not to do so except in case of the greatest emergency.

The abandonment of Big Bethel by the rebels is confirmed by dispatches from Fortress Monroe, although it has not been found necessary to occupy that place by a garrison of Union troops. Upon the arrival of the scouting party of our army the place was found to be wholly deserted. Breast-works extending for nearly a mile, pierced for twelve guns, were erected there by the rebels.

BATTLE EXPECTED IN KENTUCKY.

Information from Green County, Kentucky, represents that a battle there is imminent, as the two opposing forces of the Union and rebel armies are in close juxtaposition—the rebels with five regiments at Cave City, and the Union troops at Munfordsville, these places being only seven miles apart.

THE FIRE REOPENED AT FORT PICKENS.

It is reported by dispatches to the Southern papers from Pensacola, that Colonel Harvey Brown opened fire from Fort Pickens on New-Year's Day on a rebel steamer while going to the Navy Yard, and that the fire was responded to, and continued all the day, from the batteries of General Bragg. No damage, however, is said to have been done. General Bragg renewed the fire on the 2d, but the guns from Fort Pickens did not respond, and the fire from Bragg's batteries was consequently suspended.

THE CHARLESTON BLOCKADE RUN AGAIN.

It is stated on the authority of the Richmond papers of Friday, and by the assurance of gentlemen who arrived at Baltimore from that city, that the rebel steamer *Ella Warley* (formerly the *Isabel*), which arrived at Nassau, New Providence, as recently reported, ran the blockade of Charleston at daylight on Thursday, the 2d inst., and entered that port with a cargo of small arms, cannon, ammunition, and other stores, principally drugs. How she succeeded in running the blockade remains to be shown. It is also said that the rebel vessel had on board a Mr. Brisbie, bearer of dispatches from Mr. Yancey to the rebel government.

THE NEGROES' WORK.

Within the past three weeks some of the Southern cities have suffered from conflagrations to an extent without a parallel. We give below the most disastrous fires, with the dates of their occurrence:

December 12—Charleston	$8,000,000
December 17—Greenville, Alabama	50,000
December 22—Nashville, Tennessee	800,000
January 1—Richmond	65,000
Total	$8,915,000

DISCONTENT AMONG THE REBELS.

The Richmond *Examiner* of the 3d instant has an excellent article on the scheme of the rebel Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Memminger, to pay the interest (two per cent.) due on Confederate bonds out of specie for which he pays forty or fifty per cent. The condition of the rebel army is pictured by the rebel papers as almost hopelessly demoralized. Regimental drills have fallen into complete disuse. Drunkenness is said to be prevalent throughout the whole rank and file of the army, which is represented as a terror and dread to the citizens of the South generally.

NAVAL SKIRMISH NEAR SAVANNAH.

The British steamer *Fingall* attempted to run the blockade at Savannah, but was foiled. She got ready to make her way through Warsaw Sound, but information having been received from a deserter, the gun-boat *Ottawa* was dispatched to the Sound, and on her arrival the rebel mosquito fleet of Tatnall came down to attack her. After a brisk engagement a shell was put through Commodore Tatnall's vessel, when he retired. The escape of the *Fingall* was thus frustrated.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Greenhow, the female rebel, has been detected in carrying on a secret correspondence with the enemy, in spite of the close watch kept upon her house in Washington. It has, therefore, been decided to send her at once to Fort Lafayette, where she will have no opportunity of communicating information to her Southern friends.

The Court of Inquiry, in the case of Colonel Miles, charged with being intoxicated at the battle of Bull Run, has honorably acquitted him of the charge. The decision is furnished in a report of Reverdy Johnson and R. S. Gillett.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

WAR PREPARATIONS GOING ON.

England continues her preparations for war under the pressure of a very intense and general excitement, stimulated and promoted by the daily effusions of the ministerial and aristocratic press. At latest dates troops were still mustering for service in Canada, although the *Australasian*, *Persia*, *Adriatic*, *Parana*, *Niagara*, and other vessels had already been dispatched, filled with the most efficient regiments in the British service, to North America. All the available vessels in the British Mediterranean fleet had been ordered to assemble at Gibraltar to proceed, as was supposed, to the same destination.

FRANCE.

CONTINENTAL REACTION AGAINST ENGLAND.

The *Opinion Nationale*—the organ of Prince Napoleon—openly asserts that "England is the only enemy of France," while the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and other French journals show, in articles of great force and spirit, that the dearest "revolutionary traditions of France" are with the United States, and that she can not be so foolish as to go to war with us in behalf of the only Power on earth which has reason to "fear" our maritime extension. The *Revue* adds that England only wants to "conquer bread" for her manufacturing classes.

The Italian press is adverse to England's assumption of supremacy on the ocean, and while it condemns the action of Captain Wilkes, it inclines to a continental adhesion to whatever course France would take in case of war.

MEXICO.

SPANISH OCCUPATION OF VERA CRUZ.

The first hostile step of the allied expedition against Mexico was taken on the 17th ultimo, when the Spanish troops from the fleet landed at Vera Cruz, took unopposed possession of that city and the fort of San Juan d'Ulloa, and hoisted the Spanish flag over the city and the fort. The rejoicings in Havana on the receipt of the news were most enthusiastic.

GENERAL BURNSIDE, COMMANDING THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

COMMODORE GOLDSBOROUGH, COMMANDING THE NAVAL PART OF BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.]

GENERAL BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION.

WE devote this and the succeeding page to illustrations of General Burnside's expedition, to wit: a PORTRAIT OF THE GALLANT GENERAL himself; a portrait of his naval colleague, COMMODORE GOLDSBOROUGH; a view of the REVIEW OF THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE which took place in the last week of December; and a general view of the TRANSPORT AND GUN-BOAT FLEET, with Annapolis in the back-ground.

The review was thus described in the *Herald:*

Fifteen regiments—fourteen infantry and one cavalry, numbering fifteen thousand men—were reviewed by Brigadier-General Foster, commanding the department.

The fine regiment of cavalry (Ira Harris Guard) was the first to leave its encampment for the scene of operations. Arriving at the ground first, they took up a position on the left, with the Fifty-first Pennsylvania and Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, the whole being formed into three brigades. The different brigades were under the command, respectively, of Brigadier-General Foster and acting Brigadier-Generals Colonel Morse and Colonel Heywood. The parade-ground is situated about two miles from the city, on the railroad line, and afforded a fine opportunity for a good display of division, brigade, and regimental evolutions, as it embraced some two thousand acres of smooth ground, with graceful, swelling undulations, which served to add considerably to the picturesque character of the review. There were some fifteen thousand men on the ground, and the scene was one of the most interesting which has ever occupied the attention of the people of the vicinity of Annapolis, who flocked by thousands in vehicles, on horseback, and on foot to the parade-ground, every available point around which was taken possession of by them.

At about eleven o'clock the reviewing party, consisting of Brigadier-General Foster, Brigadier-General Hatch, Inspector-General Havelock, Assistant Adjutant-General Richmond, and Aid-de-Camp Lieutenant D. C. Pell, of General Burnside's staff; Assistant Adjutant-General Hoffman, and the Aids on General Foster's staff; Captain E. R. Goodrich, of the Commissary Department; and various members of the division and brigade staffs of the post. Following on foot came the Governor of the State and the members of the Legislature, which is now in session at this place. Commencing at the right of the column, they minutely inspected the different regiments, and, of course, expressed themselves highly gratified with the admirable good order and discipline of the troops. The brigade commanders, accompanied by their staffs, next reviewed their respective commands, and the reviewing party then took up their position at the southern extremity of the ground, at the right of the troops. Every thing being in readiness, the clear tones of command rang along the whole line, and steadily, solidly, regiment after regiment broke into battalion column. At the word forward the whole body got in motion and filed by the reviewing generals. The scene presented by the moving columns far exceeded in grandeur the appearance presented by the troops when drawn up for inspection, notwithstanding that the latter possessed no ordinary splendor. The slow march was at times varied with the gay and dashing movement in "double quick," which exhibited still further the admirable precision with which the drill of the men had been perfected.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post* thus sketches the fleet:

The large steamboats *New York* and *New Brunswick* are chartered to carry troops. There are now in the harbor 14 steamers, 1 propeller, 4 ships, 3 barks, 1 brig, 11 schooners, 5 floating batteries, besides 2 little dispatch steam-tugs—in all 41 vessels. These are, perhaps, not half the vessels to be employed in the expedition, which will be largely reinforced at Fortress Monroe; for, unless the floating batteries are counted, none of the naval vessels have come to Annapolis. All of the transports, large and small, are, however, armed, and carry large supplies of shell and ball for use in the field as well as on board ship.

The transports have been thoroughly overhauled and completely fitted out with every thing necessary for the expedition. The steamers are of light draught, and are capable of carrying from four hundred to six hundred men each, besides stores and ordnance, and when loaded will draw but from six to eight feet of water. There is no particular difference in these vessels, and every captain thinks his own, of course, the best. Every inch of space is devoted to use. Bunks have been erected and "standees" put up, which can be taken down at short notice, if necessary to clear the ship for action, or (an unpleasant thought) to afford room for a cock-pit. The two steamboats *New York* and *New Brunswick* will each easily carry a whole regiment. The propeller *Pioneer* (formerly the *Sherman*) carries six guns, two of them formidable Parrotts, which speak with (not for) "crackers" in the shape of 32-pound balls, one 15-pound swivel gun on the forecastle, and three more 12-pounders. She carries comfortably five hundred troops. Most of the steamers are equally well armed. The *Highlander* (once the *Claremont*, a confiscated vessel belonging to William Allen, on the James River) is a schooner of 500 tons, armed with two 12-pound Parrott guns, and capable of carrying, besides her crew of twenty-five men, four hundred troops and eighteen officers.

The ships can carry a much larger number of men, but will be loaded mainly with provisions and ammunition, and all the sailing vessels will be towed by the steamers to Fortress Monroe.

The *Pickett*, a handsome little propeller of four hundred tons, is the flag-ship of the transport fleet, and is appropriated by General Burnside and his staff. She carries two 12-pound Wiard guns, and draws but six feet of water. It is not unlikely that when the expedition reaches the point of attack General Burnside will leave the *Pickett*, and use the *Cossack* as a flag-ship. The *Cossack* is a fine steamer, formerly the *Eastern City*, plying between Boston and St. Johns, New Brunswick, and the newspaper men are already comfortably quartered on board of her. If she is struck by a shell the reporters will receive the earliest possible intelligence of the event.

The five floating batteries are large canal boats, as strong as timbers can make them, and divided into five compartments, so as to be beyond the danger of sinking by any ordinary casualty. The *Rocket* and *Grenade* each carry three 32-pound rifled cannon on deck, and the *Shrapnel*, *Grapeshot*, and *Bombshell* each carry two guns of the same calibre. They will go into action, and will be valuable additions to the naval part of the expedition.

This general description of a vessel of each class of those connected with the expedition is sufficient to give an idea of the completeness of their outfit. It seems as if nothing was wanting to render the fleet as formidable as is necessary, and, with the addition of the naval vessels now lying at Fortress Monroe, it is believed that the expedition, in size and strength, will far surpass the one sent to Port Royal.

THE ARMIES OF THE UNION.

FROM Maine's deep-wooded hills to far Pacific's Golden Gate,
They gather to the battle with the slow, sure step of fate.
They ask not who their leaders be, they only know the cause;
Old feuds are hushed as each one round the sacred banner draws.

They come not here to plunder foes, they are not urged by hate,
Nor lured by hopes of conquest, nor by glory's glittering bait;
No conscripts they, constrained to fight at any master's nod,
But each man is a freeman, who bows down alone to God.

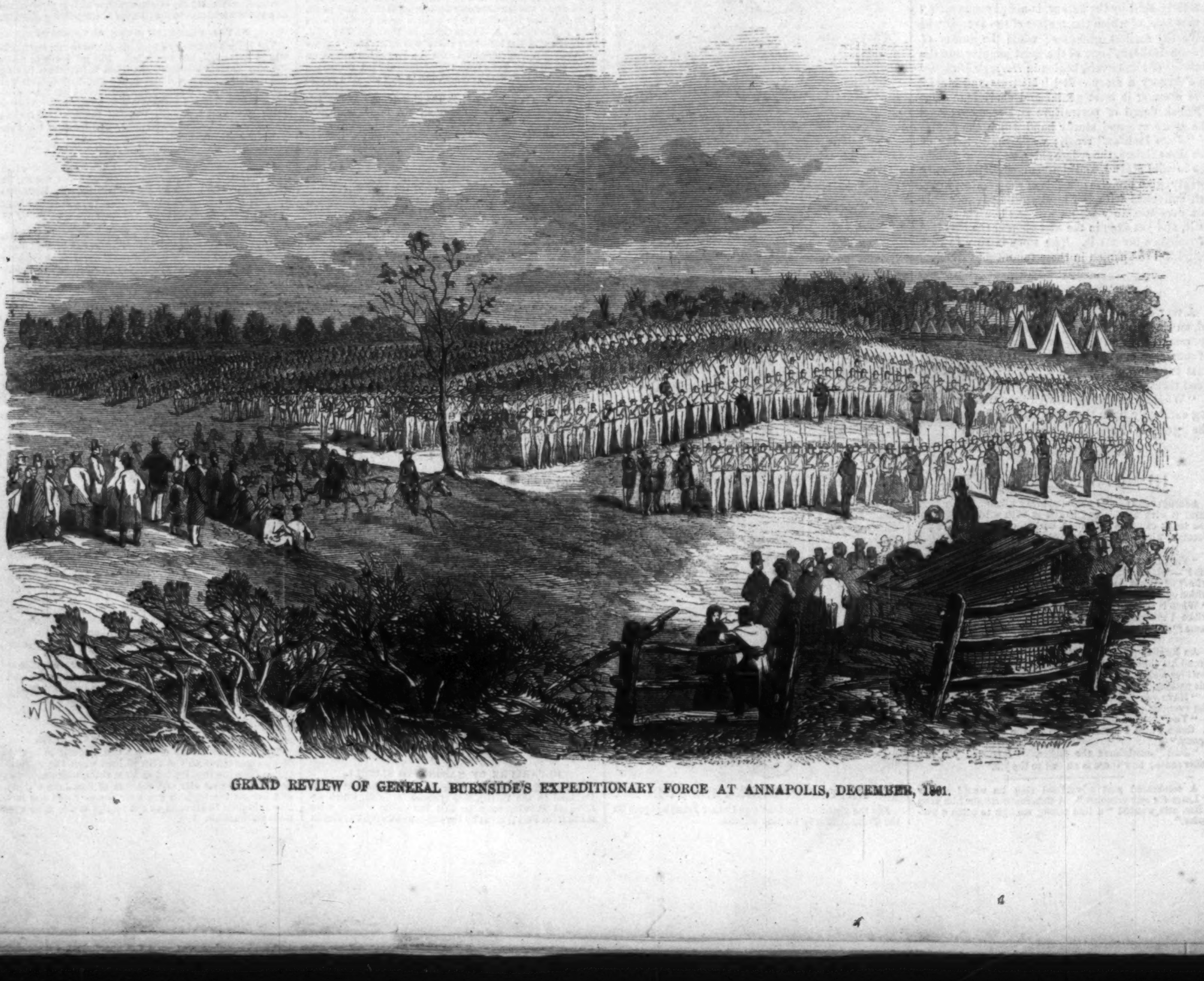
Each claims the nation as his own, from distant shore to shore;
To each belongs the starry flag his patriot fathers bore;
And each has sworn no rebel knave shall rend the land in twain,
Or strike one star from off that flag, so long without a stain.

Full many a soldier's grave there'll be, full many a darkened home,
Where wives and mothers sickening wait for those who ne'er shall come.
Yet for each one who nobly falls another stands prepared
To take his place, to wield his arms, and dare all he has dared.

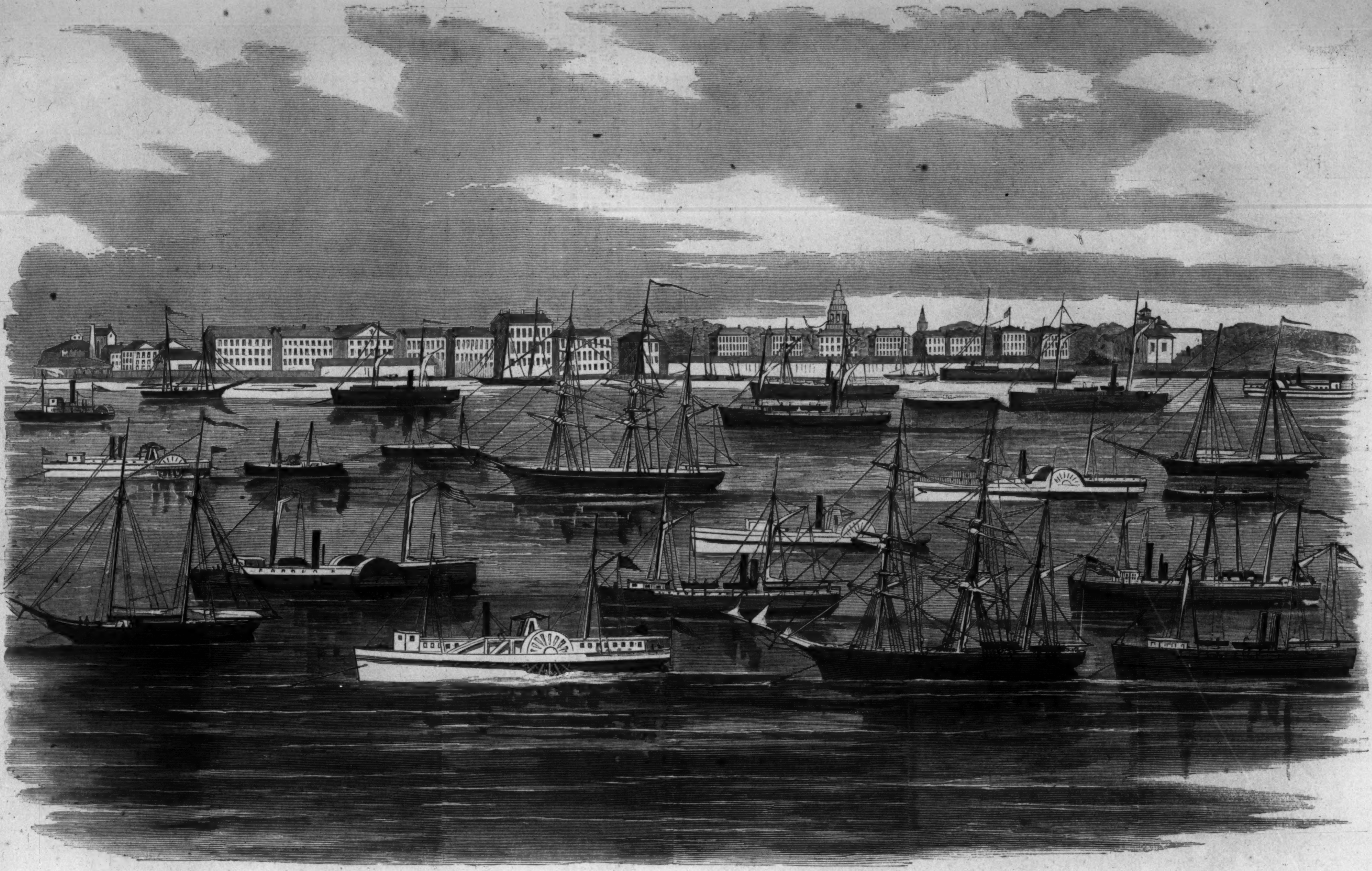
If fate should frown, and treason's flag, o'er many a stricken field,
Should proudly wave, theirs is a blood that knows not how to yield;
But gathering strength with each reverse, those stubborn ranks would grow,
As the torrent swells amid the rocks that vainly check its flow.

O could they fail, man's hopes would fail of freedom evermore!
The peaceful reign of unarmed law and equal rights were o'er.
Then close your lines, and strike home deep amid the traitor clan—
No nobler cause the world has seen since man first warred with man!

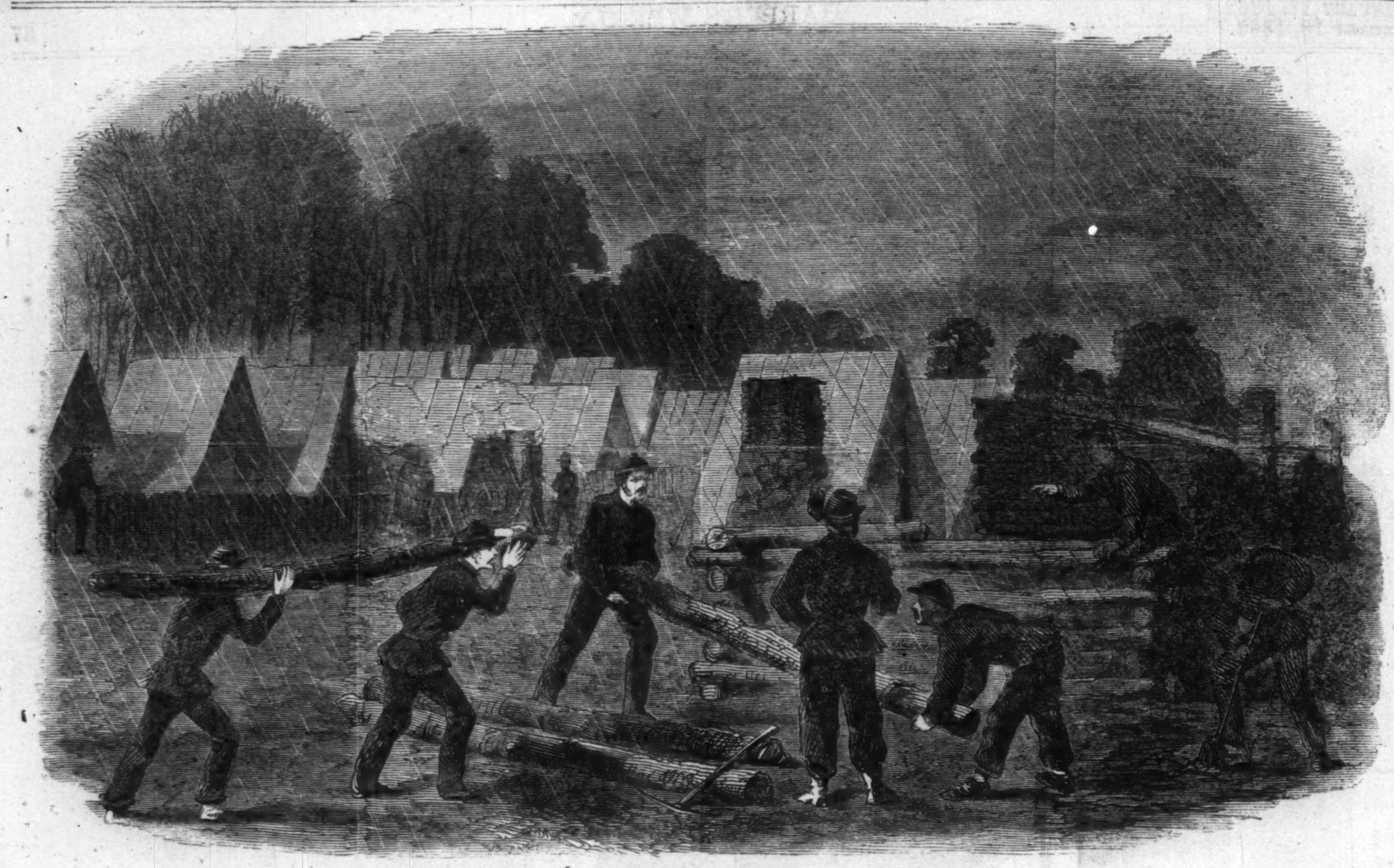
L.



GRAND REVIEW OF GENERAL BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITIONARY FORCE AT ANNAPOLIS, DECEMBER, 1861.



THE VESSELS OF GENERAL BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION AT ANNAPOLIS.—[Sketched by our Special Artist, Mr. Angelo Weser.]



BUILDING HUTS FOR THE ARMY ON THE POTOMAC.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

THE CITY OF RICHMOND, VA.

ON pages 40 and 41 we publish a large view of the CITY OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, the capital of the pretended rebel Confederacy.

Richmond is situated on the James River, 23 miles north of Petersburg, 113 south by west of Washington, and about 150 miles from the mouth of the river. Its population in 1854 was 30,000; its exports about $3,000,000, chiefly wheat and tobacco. A gentleman who visited Richmond last summer gave the *Herald* an account of what he saw, and we subjoin the following extracts from his narrative:

The principal feature that strikes every one who sees Richmond for the first time is its curious topography. From the James River, which, tumbling over its rocky bed, makes a wide bend here, with its convex face to the city, rise, without any regard to uniformity of direction, some half dozen hills, of gravel formation and of pretty considerable elevation. There has never been any attempt to grade them into level streets, but the city is scattered promiscuously up and on and over them, just as fashion, taste, or business may have happened to dictate. The principal part of the city, however, occupies actually only one of those elevations, and the garden spot of that one is the Capitol Square, where stands the building of which Jefferson procured the design in France, but which, however magnificent it may have been deemed in the simple, unostentatious days in which it was built, is certainly not to be lauded now either for its beauty or for its adaptation to the wants of a State Legislature, much less to those of

THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—A RECONNOISSANCE IN A LAUREL-BRAKE.

THE ARMY ON THE POTOMAC—BRINGING IN REBEL PRISONERS.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

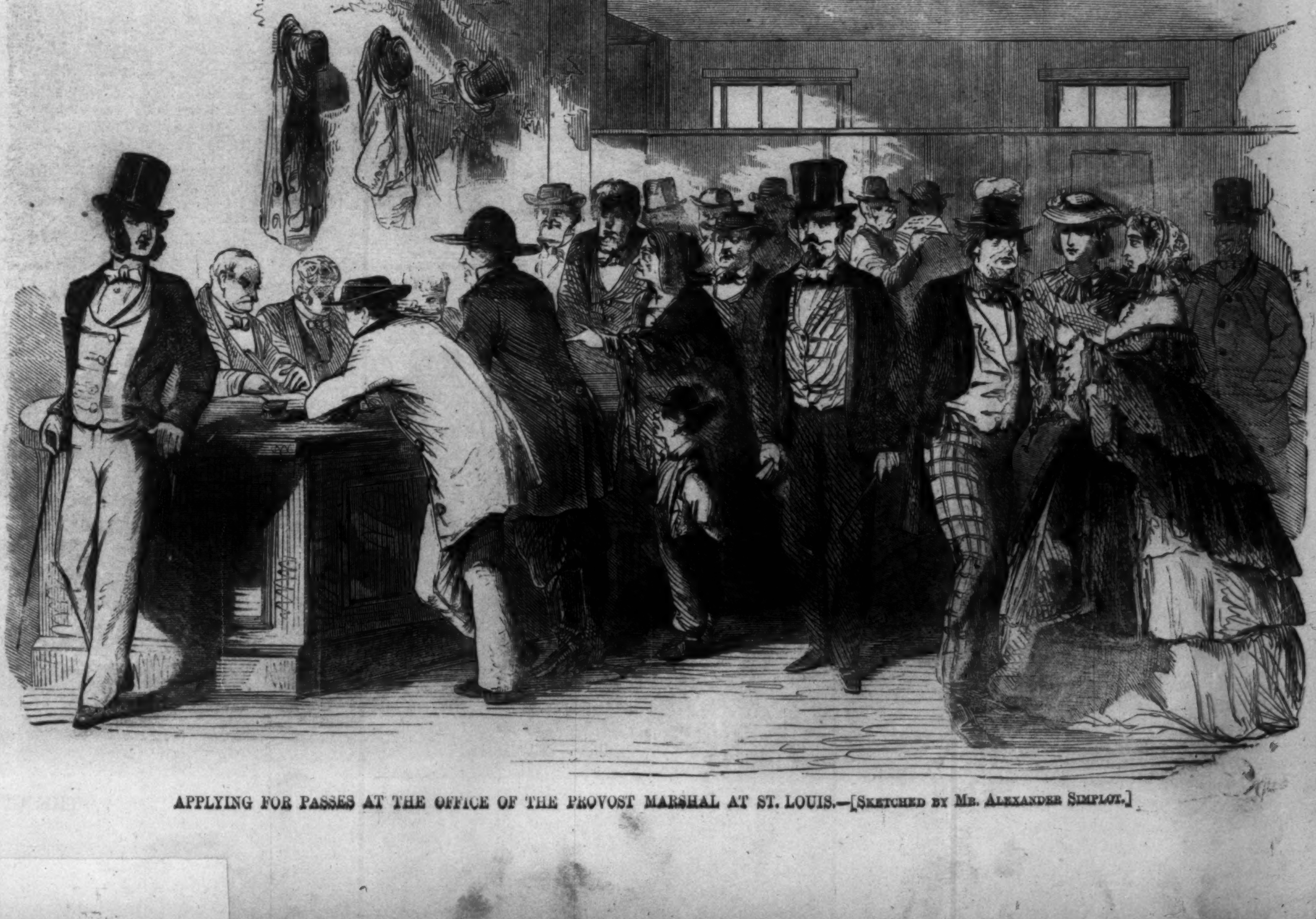
a Congress of Confederate States. In the centre of the Square is the beautiful equestrian statue of Washington, looking as calm and serene and commanding as if the city which he overlooks was not the centre and hot-bed of the foulest treason that ever showed itself in the light of day. The pedestal is designed for eight other statues of distinguished Virginians, but three of which have yet been put in their places. These are Jefferson, Henry, and Mason—not the arrogant, self-conceited blockhead who recently represented the State in the Senate at Washington, and has now gone seeking recognition at London as the diplomatic representative of secessiondom, but a far purer, wiser, and more patriotic namesake of his. Here also is a small statue of Henry Clay.

Richmond has really but one business thoroughfare. That is Main Street. Most of the hotels, banks, newspaper offices, and stores are located on it. It extends northward into the open country, and southeastward to a suburb called Rocketts. In this latter section of it are situated some of the tobacco warehouses where our Union prisoners are now confined. These are large old brick edifices, of mouldy, dilapidated appearance. They stand three together on one side of the street—which here is of a most dingy character—and two nearly opposite. Those on the north side are overlooked by the bluffs in which Church Hill here terminates, and which supply gravel for the city, while those on the south side of the street have the James River and Kanawha Canal, and the river itself immediately in their rear.

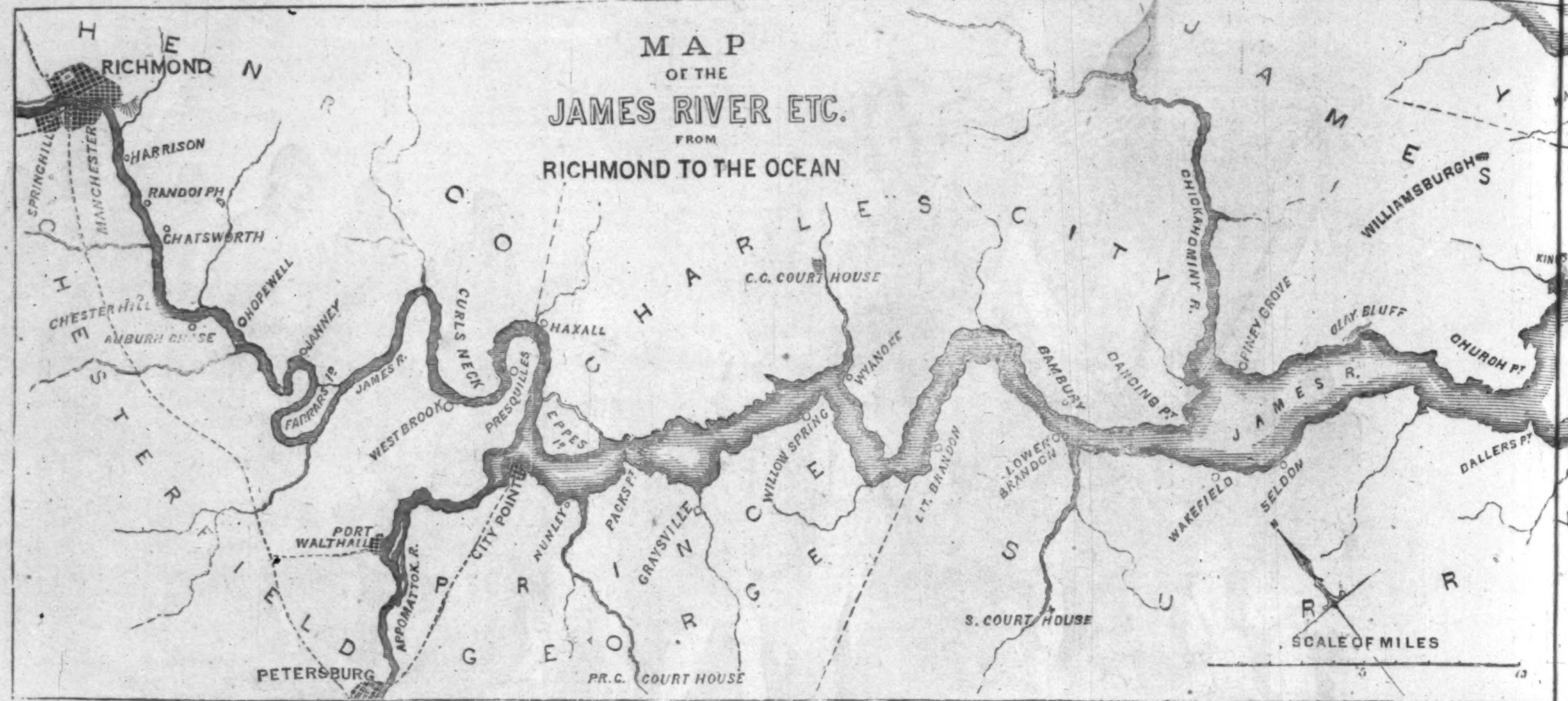
Near the summit of the elevation known as Church Hill is a large, old-fashioned brick building known as the almshouse. It has been converted from its original purpose, and now serves as a hospital for our sick and wounded. Sisters of Charity come and go, untiring angels of consolation, and the hearse is kept in constant requisition, so great is the mortality that prevails here. Many of the private houses in the vicinity are also converted into temporary hospitals. As a general thing, the former residents of this part of the city have gone elsewhere since the location of the hospitals here; and now on every tenth house or more you see waving a little dirty, whitish-yellow flag, denoting a lazaretto. The Odd Fellows' Hall, on Broad Street, is also used as a general hospital. On the most commanding part of Church Hill still stands, in good preservation too, the church in which Patrick Henry made the famous speech at the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle, where he used that memorable and oft-quoted phrase, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" Around the church are the graves of the last generation of the people of Richmond, and I was no little disgusted to observe that few of the head-stones had escaped the profane Vandalism of some scoundrels, who, as a proof of their wit, cut the figure "1" before the figures recording the ages of the deceased, making it appear that those who rested here from their labors had enjoyed incredibly patriarchal length of years.

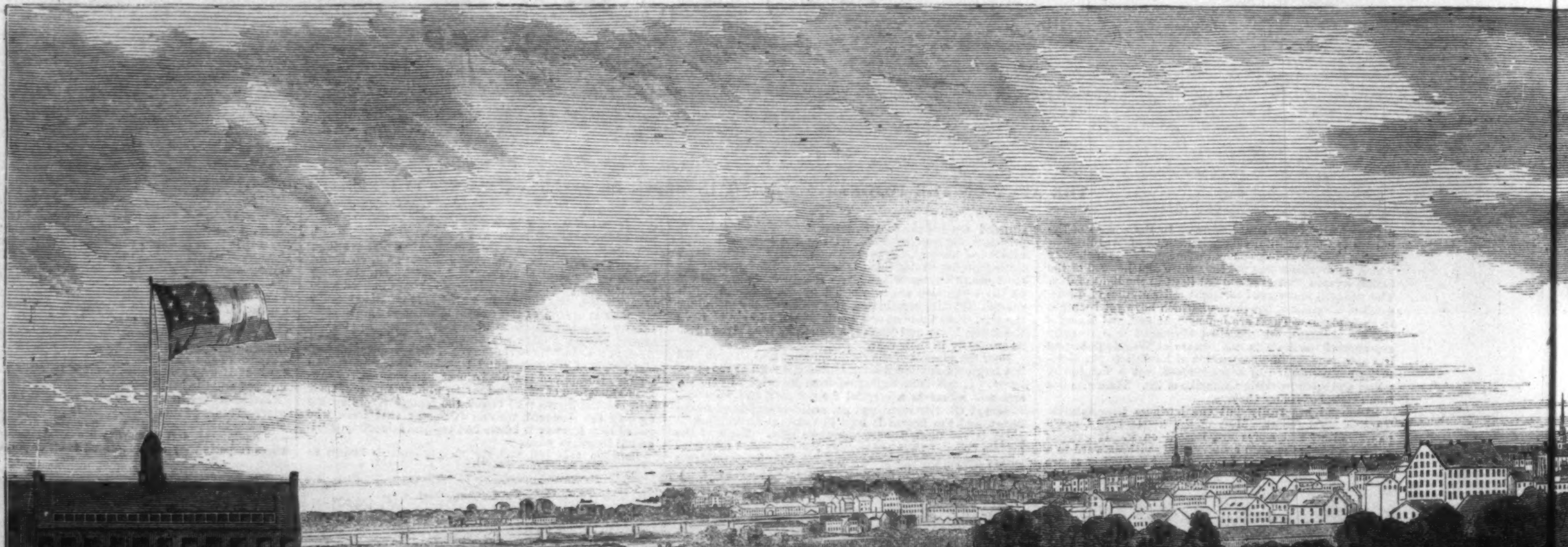
Between this hill and the rickety suburb known as Rocketts there is a large encampment, and I believe there are also batteries here, for the defense of the river. I know that there certainly are batteries on the bluffs, above and beyond Rocketts. Near here the few steamers and sailing craft that used to trade to Richmond had their mooring-places, and here also the James River and Kanawha Canal has its southern outlet into the river. This is a great work of internal improvement, so far as the design is concerned; but, unfortunately for Virginia, her execution does not keep pace with her plans, and the canal, though open for many years, does not come within a long distance of the Kanawha River, which it was intended to tap. If it ever will do so, it must be after secession is crushed and the Union restored.

Richmond is not, as seems erroneously to be considered, garrisoned by a large army. There are only camps of instruction maintained here. The recruits are sent for drill and equipment, and when they are considered tolerable in those respects they are forwarded to other points.

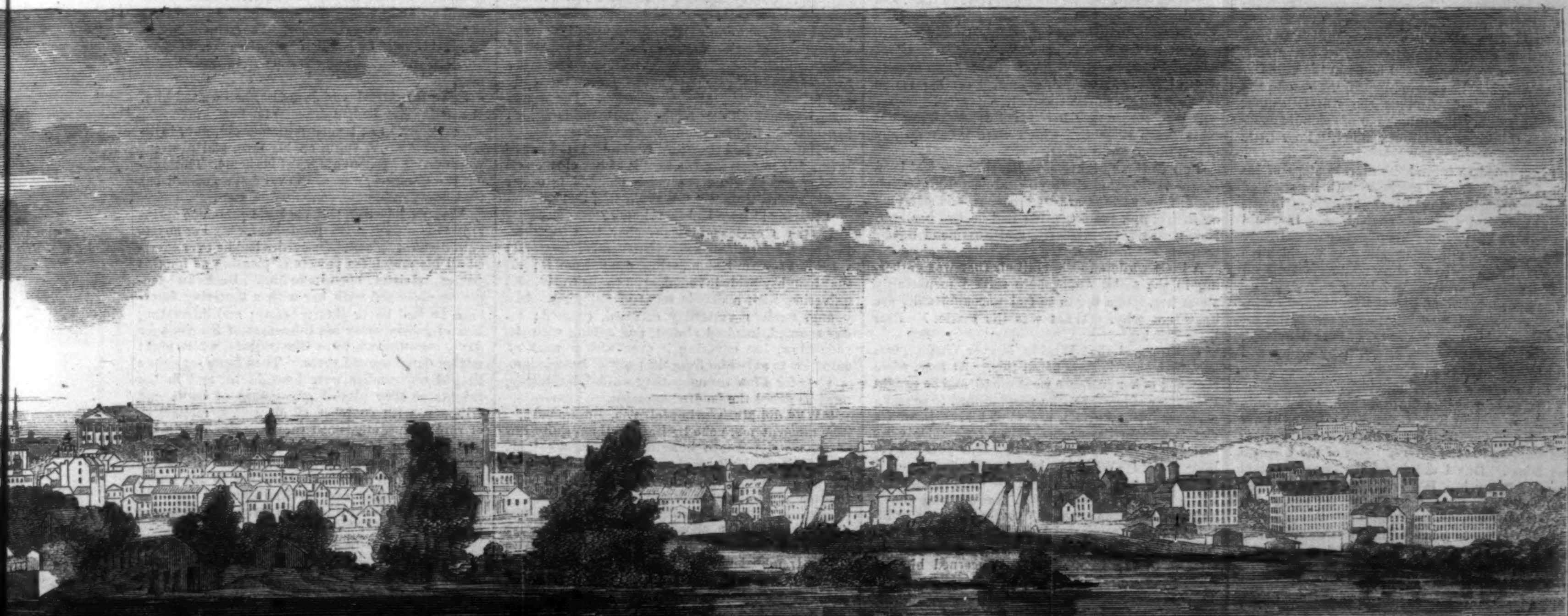


APPLYING FOR PASSES AT THE OFFICE OF THE PROVOST MARSHAL AT ST. LOUIS.—[SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.]





THE CITY OF RICHMOND, V



D, VIRGINIA.—[See Page 38.]

BUN'S HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"Well, I believe this is the end for to-night. Yes, that is the package of bills on the left. And you will communicate to Grude and Seyne first. The sooner it's over the better. Heigh-ho!"—and a long yawn exhaled with the cloud of cigar-smoke, and the face of the smoker seemed to assume a gray tinge in the gray light of the smoke.

The lawyer, drawing forth the package of bills on the left, remarked something politely, to which the other returned, between short, energetic whiffs, "No, I don't think my creditors can justly accuse me of any unfairness. I believe I have been, as you say, Mr. Waring, strictly honorable."

A slight pause, then a little absently: "But I wish it could have been deferred, at least. Bun will lose her Happy New Year now. Poor little Bun!"

The lawyer glanced up from his occupation, and as he flashed a look across at the broker there was just the least surprise visible in his impassible face. What was it? What did he see in John Baylie to surprise him?

There was nothing strange to be seen. Only a man smoking slowly, and gazing thoughtfully as he smoked into the blazing fire of sea-coal. A cool, grave man to the world of business; some said a hard man; one at least to weigh carefully all the nice chances in the mercantile balance. Not less cool, not less grave now in seeming. Very grave indeed; and it might be that the shade of gravity had deepened to a shadow, and that a softer one than usual; or it might only be the shadowy clouds that arose from the cigar. Who could tell? Not Mr. Waring with his one swift glance. Not any one who knew John Baylie on 'Change certainly. Who then? Little Bun could have told.

But after that one swift glance the lawyer's interest in the matter appeared to subside, and the exclamation and the shadow went out of his mind together. The next quarter of an hour passed quietly in business talk—cool, clear-headed reckonings on both sides, and on one a brave, almost, you would have said, a callous recognition and acceptance of certain bitter truths; so brave that when lawyer Waring walked home in the still December midnight he said to himself, "The man has splendid courage!" And on the still December midnight walking home this man of splendid courage kept thinking, sometimes aloud, "Poor little Bun!"

As he turned to ascend the marble steps of his Fifth Avenue palace a carriage, with its span of blood-horses, glittering silver mountings in the gas-light, dashed up to the curb-stone. It would seem as if he hurried on; his pass-key was already in the lock, and a moment more he would have been out of sight, when a clear treble voice called, "Papa, papa! wait for me!"

He stopped, hesitated just the fraction of a minute, then went back to meet Miss Rosamond Baylie, self-christened "Bun" in the days of her babyhood, out of some baby whim, which baby whim had clung to her these twenty years.

"You are back early," he said.

"Yes, and for such a funny reason. That clumsy Keyes—Captain Keyes, you know—caught my lovely thread-lace flounces in his ugly regimentals some way, and made such a figure of me I *had* to come home. But I didn't mind, 'twas a stupid party. All my loss is a lace loss, and that isn't mine, but yours, papa, for I shall want yards of it to renew me for New-Year's night."

So, chattering in a happy, heedless way, she had led him into the drawing-room, and now, under the full light of the chandelier, stood revealing the unlucky "lace loss," yards of it trampled, and torn, and cut by that "clumsy Keyes." In the midst of which revealing she laughs gayly as she recalls the unfortunate Captain, telling papa how absurdly he looked "flying down the room enwound in that fluttering flag of lace." And papa smiles absently all the time, saying never a word; for all the time he is thinking, "Bun will lose her Happy New Year! Poor little Bun!"

Once or twice he opened his lips to tell her about it; but a fresh laugh, a gay reminiscence, stayed him, and then one o'clock struck from the French time-piece on the mantle, and rubbing a little white hand into the prettiest eyes in the world, and the sleepiest little Bun goes yawning up to bed, dragging an ermine cloak by the tassels. She is no doubt soon asleep, and smiling as she sleeps, very likely, over that "clumsy Keyes," while down stairs sits the man of "splendid courage," who hadn't courage enough to tell little Bun why she would lose her Happy New Year.

"I will tell her to-morrow," he promises himself. "Yes, I will tell her to-morrow. She ought to know at once."

But when to-morrow came Bun was out when he was in. "Out driving, Sir," Mademoiselle Aline, her French maid, informed him.

"Out driving!" This wasn't pleasant to hear; for John Baylie had ancient ideas of honor, and it violated a sense of propriety that his daughter should be "out driving" on the first day that his name was ringing with its new title of bankrupt. Much he regretted his cowardly "putting off" the night before.

"You will tell Miss Baylie," he said to Mademoiselle Aline, "that I wish to see her when she returns, and on no account to go out *until* I see her."

It was late when the young lady returned. Her father would not be home till evening, the butler told her. But no one told her of his message; for only Mademoiselle Aline was intrusted with it, and out of that giddy French head the message went in fifteen minutes after it was communicated.

So in her ignorance Miss Baylie commenced her toilet for another party, under the supervision of the faithless Aline. It would seem that some untoward fate must have presided at that toilet; for never had Mademoiselle Aline contrived to render her mistress so brilliant—nay, almost gorgeous, in adornings as on this special evening. A dress of sheeny rose, literally sown with pearls, whose rare pale lustre gleamed with a fiery whiteness that seemed to absorb all light, and warmth, and color. Pearls, too, in her hair—splendid Persian pearls—and dropped like moon-spray on her neck and arms, where through mists of costly Flemish lace they sent out their subtle sparkle.

Mademoiselle Aline, who was not given to ecstasies, clasped her hands in a true French ardor of admiration as she regarded her.

"Ah, *ciel*, you will kill somebody to-night, Mademoiselle!" she exclaimed; and Mademoiselle laughed, looked nowise unwilling to fulfill the sanguinary prediction, wished "papa" was there to see her, and so ran down to the carriage, singing as she went the opening bars of Ginzamento "*Era stella del matino.*" Beaming like the star indeed, and as she ran all the hundred little stars, set in moonbeam spray upon her dress, danced out like fire-flies.

It was fashionably early instead of late, and the rooms were filled as she entered with her chaperon—Mrs. Verclayse, who had rushed back from the "Willows" all the way by steam not to miss this grand affair and Rosamond Baylie; so she was as ignorant of any other affair, either of balls or business, as Bun herself.

Perhaps it was natural that men and women should not only open wide eyes at such a brilliant apparition heralding the fall of a great house, but vent their surprise, their consternation, in sundry small sneers and sharp satires against the innocent object whom they thought so guilty. Poor, ignorant, little Bun!

Perhaps it was natural for human nature to so vent itself in cold words and colder conduct; but if it was, then human nature is in a very shameful condition, and one might as well accept at once the doctrine of total depravity.

It was a terrific failure indeed—not any more suspension, but a great crash—a fall that shook half the business houses in New York, and made its thunders felt across the seas.

"Who knows but he has some reserve fund, and is better off than you think?—or, it may be Miss Baylie is an heiress herself. This looks like it," suggested, heedlessly, that "clumsy Keyes" to young Seyne, the very Seyne of the Paris firm to whom Lawyer Waring this morning communicated the evil tidings of the Baylie bankruptcy.

Seyne, sore under his recent losses, flung out some sharp sentences, which were taken up and blown hither and thither.

Two or three nights ago Henri Seyne had been *découé* to Rosamond Baylie, almost committing himself by various ardent speeches, and carrying off in triumph the roses that had decked her hair. Now the roses lay withered, and Rosamond Baylie wondered at his neglect.

A little while and the chill air that was gathering in the social atmosphere settled menacingly about her. She began to feel uncomfortable, she knew not why. What was the matter? Poor little Bun!

It happened that Waring, lawyer Waring, was one of the overlookers of all this. At first, when the buzz of her entrance went round, and he caught the glitter of her dress, he was inclined to censure, perhaps. But he took a second look. It was a child's face in innocence. Then he suddenly recalled, "Bun will lose her Happy New Year! Poor little Bun!" With his keen, professionally-educated perceptions, he began to comprehend the whole matter. John Baylie, shrewd, and sharp, and sagacious, and "hard," had a soft spot in his heart; this soft spot was little Bun. Here she was. And he who had courage to look the most disastrous climax in the face, when it concerned himself, hadn't the courage to tell the evil tidings to little Bun.

At this point in his elucidation Renshawe Waring grew indignant at the savage treatment she was getting. It ought to be averted. Who was there to do it?

He looked about him. Mrs. Verclayse was blind, deaf, dumb to every thing animate or inanimate except the card-table at which she sat. He was well convinced that none but himself comprehended the truth; and if they did—well, he had made up his mind. Perhaps the last remark of Henri Seyne's helped him: "Does John Baylie think he is casting pearls before swine?" And just then all the hundred stars of pearl spray shimmered and shone out of the costly lace of the unconscious Rosamond's dress.

At this moment, too, the host of the house passed. Waring touched him on the shoulder.

"Pray make me acquainted with Miss Baylie."

They took a circuitous tour over the room, and came up to her, as she stood quite alone at the door of the music-room.

"Miss Baylie, allow me—Mr. Waring."

The greetings passed, and he wondered how he should accomplish his errand without a bungle. In the exigency of the moment he caught a suggestion at the barest thought, and plunged on.

"Miss Baylie, I am sorry the first time I have the pleasure of seeing you I should be a messenger of ill. Your father is suddenly indisposed and sends for you. Nay, do not stop to make your adieux, I will apologize for you afterward."

He gave her his arm, and by some ingenuity succeeded in getting her to the dressing-room unobserved. In the mean time he slipped out and coolly appropriated the first carriage in waiting, and was back in readiness to attend her to it, riding with her to explain his hastily-manufactured fable.

Now that the matter was *en train*, the *désagréments* of his own position presented themselves.

He knew little about young ladies, but he had a dim idea that they were given to hysterics and scenes. Of almost haughty reticence of character, he shrank with nervous dread from any approach to such emotions. What would she do? She might refuse to believe his second tale, for he had most assuredly given her the precedent of a very ingenious lie. On this ground what absurd fancies might she not conceive against him!

As he was pondering this the young lady asked a question which broke the spell. Was papa in great danger? His accustomed directness came to his aid now, and in a few sentences he told her the truth.

She neither fainted nor cried. There was no scene. There was only a slight pause, and then the first thing she said was, "Poor papa, I suppose he hated to tell me, and so put it off." Another pause, and then—"He did not know of my going out to-night, of course." Then there came a quiver to her voice, and she said, "You are very kind, Mr. Waring. I thank you."

Just a self-controlled little lady, low spoken and dignified, comprehending his share in the affair at a heart-beat. He left her at the door, and as the broad stream of radiance from the hall flashed out across the pavement when she passed in, accustomed as he was to see such fortune-changes, he felt a pang of pity for the pretty tender creature to whom so sudden a change was about to come.

"Papa! where is papa, Wilson?" was her first question to the serving-man who let her in.

Mr. Baylie came out of the library at her voice.

"Oh, is it you, Rosamond? You are home early. Was the ball stupid again to night?" Always mindful of the dignity of reserve; as haughty in his reticence as Renshawe Waring, he was ten times as sensitive in regard to its breach. So his greeting in the presence of Wilson was glacier-cool, while a fire was raging within his breast. A nod beckoned her into the library, and he closed the heavy door between themselves and the outside world. He knew why she had gone, for Aline's neglect of his message had transpired. Now what did her early return mean?

Her first words thrilled him with surprise—with dread.

"Oh, papa, why did you not tell me?"

"Tell her!—what?" he uttered, in his amaze. "Good Heaven! what had she been told? who had told her? I left a message for you at noon to remain in until I saw you, and Mademoiselle Aline forgot to deliver it."

"Oh!" faintly uttered, with some relief in the tone; and then, "I am so sorry, papa—sorry for you, I mean. *I* don't mind, you know."

He thought he should have to do with tears and terrors; and, like Waring, he had been fortifying himself; and here she was, calm-eyed, unutterably gentle, and giving him consolation. For a moment he could not see; a mist came over his vision; and he could find no words to answer her.

"But *where* had she heard?—who had told her?"

She fell to untying the tassels of her cloak, and looking away, while the color clouded into her cheek, she replied, "Mr. Waring told me."

"Waring!" why had he told her?

It was a curious tableau—they two together. He eager, determined, expectant—and of the worst; yet his very soul shuddering away from it; all that haughty pride invaded, open to the world, and quivering with a double sense of suffering. She young, tender; yesterday caressed, courted; today scorned, insulted almost, and aching with the rude blow, but covering it over with a mask of calmness to save him from the pang of knowledge.

Thus for a few moments they waited, hesitating, until he asked the pointed question,

"Why did Mr. Waring tell you, Rosamond?"

A moment more she hesitated; then, quite low of tone—she was a bungler at evasion—"He thought it wouldn't be pleasant for me to be there. I was much dressed, you know; and—and—he told me you were ill at first."

He rose and came before her. His voice was concentrate passion, though so still, tender always of her. "Rosamond, was it not *pleasant*?"

She trembled visibly, hanging her head at the remembrance, and blushing with gentle shame, yet caring more even then for the hurt to him.

"Not so pleasant as usual, papa," she hesitatingly answered.

All his suspicions were confirmed. The world he had ruled and scorned and hated for years had struck back upon him in his only vulnerable spot—his one little ewe lamb! This blow was more than he could bear calmly. Through his cool ease of manner vehement passion and tenderness proclaimed their sway. With something that was akin to an imprecation he took her to his breast.

"Child! child!" he exclaimed, "they did not dare to insult you with neglect—with coldness!"

She had never seen her father moved before—her gay, brilliant papa, always ready with a kind word or a jest—and she trembled against his bosom without a word.

By-and-by she said, as if in explanation, "It was not so strange, perhaps, papa, when you remember how I was dressed;" and she dropped the cloak from her shoulders, disclosing that sumptuous Princess Royal raiment.

His heart sank within him as he regarded her. What might he not have saved her by an earlier confidence!

"Bun," he said, suddenly, "who was there that you know well?"

"Oh every body almost! Henri Seyne, and—"

"Henri Seyne! was Seyne there?"

"Yes."

"What did he say to you, Bun?"

"Nothing, papa." He ground his teeth, and commenced walking up and down the room. "The fools!" he muttered, "not to perceive at once that it was a child's ignorance. And Waring," he went on, "you didn't know Waring before, eh?"

She told him of his introduction, and all that followed.

As in a glass he saw every shade of this chivalrous conduct.

"God bless him!" he murmured, heartily, "Waring is a man!"

"And you think you will not mind it, Bun?" turning again to her.

"Oh no, papa; you will be with me, and I shall like it."

"Like what, Bun?" he asked, smiling drearily.

"Oh, the smaller house and every thing changed. You mustn't think, papa, because I look so fine tonight that I am thoroughly engrossed in the vanities of my dress. Aunt Anne ordered this for me, and I have thought very little about it indeed, papa, until to-night."

"And that was a sorry thought, wasn't it, Bun?"

"Oh, don't fret about it, I sha'n't! I shall be quite happy if I can see you cheerful, papa. It makes me ache so to think of you," she said, with a real ache in her voice.

He bent down and kissed her. "Child," he said, with much emotion, "the world has no power to make me suffer but through you. If I can carry you where its shafts can not reach you—if I can make you happy, I shall be happy. God bless you, dear!"

The conference was ended, and they two alone in the world together, yet all the world to each other, separated with a new bond of sympathy that night.

A low, wide room, simply furnished—its view from two slender windows, the southwestern side of the country. To the left a range of meadow-land, showing greenly underneath a light glare of January ice; on the right a lift of hills, and, fronting all, the level sweep of the sea. The wind howled savagely down the distant hills, and roughened the waves. The sun shone rarely through the murky scudding clouds; but within this low, wide room, a great fire roared and sung up the great chimney, and in the centre of the floor a table spread for two sparkled cheerily, its plain dinner-service in the light of the fire.

This was the home of Rosamond Baylie; and here, in this room, she awaits her father's coming from town. A small, plain house for a palace of luxury. A single servant in place of a dozen obsequious attendants, and one companion for hundreds. This was the change that a week had brought to Rosamond Baylie. It would seem a hazardous experiment to transplant such an exotic to the loneliness of country-life in mid-winter; but John Baylie reasoned well. His daughter, if fashionably educated, had the pure tastes of a gentlewoman. The simplicity of this stern country-life would strike less painfully than the cheap comforts of a fourth-rate city residence. For companionship he would see if he could supply the place of these hundred associates, and save her from utter loneliness.

So on this first day of January she awaited him. It was the day he had dreaded for her.

He comes in at length with his old, gay, brilliant manner. A smile on his face, and pleasant words on his lips, but a stone at his heart. Throughout the dinner you would never have guessed but that he was the most contented of men.

At no grand entertainment had he shone so agreeably as now over these simple courses. For no elegant dame at splendid festivities had he ever exerted all his matchless powers of pleasing as for this young girl sitting opposite to him. Books and people he discussed with her with a flattering deference he had never shown before; and interesting bits of gossip, stray reminiscences of his younger days, were thrown in as illustrations, while night settled down around them. Then more logs were heaped on, candles were brought in, and in the brightness they played gay games of cards and cribbage, with snatches of old songs, recitations of rare poems, etc., until the ancient clock in the hall proclaimed the old year out and the new year in. Rising to bid her good-night, he risked the question which had been brooding in his mind, putting it in a gay and careless manner:

"Well, has little Bun had a sorry New Year out here in the wilds?"

Her face grew radiant as she exclaimed, "Oh, papa, I never had such a Happy New Year in my life!"

"And you don't pine for the gay gallants you have left behind, with no one but an old rusty fellow like me, eh?"

"Pine!" She gave a little smile of ineffable amusement spiced with scorn. "Why, papa, you are worth a hundred of them; and I shall never marry until I find just such an old rusty fellow!" And laughing lightly in a bright tinkle of merriment, she went up the narrow stairway to her tiny room, singing as she went that very *Era stella del matino.*

And this was Bun's Happy New Year he had thought she would lose.

So winter passed, and spring found them keeping excellent company—they two together.

Whatever of care or discomfort, and hard, bitter struggles John Baylie encountered fighting his way up again, he dropped them out of sight when he entered his home, and was only in the presence of his daughter the most agreeable companion she had ever met.

Whatever of inconvenience, of deprivation Rosamond Baylie endured, her father's presence every night compensated.

But one day a knowledge came to her which broke up the serene repose of her life. The servant they kept was an old nurse—Rosamond's foster-mother.

As Mr. Baylie went out that morning she looked after him, muttering, "He's growing thin under it!"

Her young mistress overheard her.

"What is that you say, Kathie? Who's growing thin under it?"

Kathie, thus surprised, answered, "Your father, Miss Rosamond. He's so afraid you will want for any thing he sits up o' nights working, writing till almost morning."

A flush passed over Rosamond's face. In her ignorance she had not seen that even so small an establishment required considerable exertion to keep it up. And here she had been idle while he was wearing himself out! What could she do? Who could advise her? Suddenly she remembered one who had proved himself a true gentleman, if not a friend, on that painful night. He was a lawyer. She had been told that lawyers employed a vast amount of copying done. Without another thought she dressed herself, searched out the lawyer's address from the directory, and started for the cars. It wanted but five minutes to the time of

leaving, but she reached the dépôt in season, and was soon whirling over the road to New York.

"A lady, Sir, to see you," the clerk communicates carelessly, and returns to his desk outside. Mr. Waring goes on writing, finishes his document, then touches the spring of the bell.

"Here," to the clerk, "file this with No. 30. Oh, James, did you say some one wanted to see me?"

"Yes, a lady, Sir."

"Show her in, I will see her now;" and Renshawe Waring yawns rather wearily over the expected interview with some one of his numerous clients.

Simply dressed as she is, he does not recognize the young girl before him; for the little Bun he remembers was clothed like a fairy princess. A word recalls.

"Miss Baylie! I beg your pardon."

With the same composure as on another occasion she states her errand. Perhaps Renshawe Waring had fifty just such applications every day. He was obliged to disappoint forty out of this fifty, if not more. He did not disappoint Rosamond Baylie, however, but made up a roll for her which would keep her employed a week.

"So you are out of town, your father tells me," he remarks to her as he is making up the package.

"Yes."

"It is a pleasant old place—Warehill."

"Do you know it, Mr. Waring?"

"I was born there, Miss Baylie. The property used to be called Waring Hill, but it got reduced to Warehill, which the country people shorten to 'Warell.'"

She laughed a little, remembering Kathie's very pronunciation.

Presently rising to go, thanking him with a cool dignity which she might have given had he done her some service of gallantry at a party, she adds, "We should be pleased to see you, Mr. Waring, at Warehill."

He thanked her cordially, smiling in a moment when she said, "I think papa must need better society than I am to him. I fancy he gets lonely."

Clearly she put him entirely in papa's range.

"But you," he resumed, "do you not get lonely with only 'papa?'"

I believe for the space of a second Rosamond Baylie thought Renshawe Waring was the stupidest man she had ever met. Then she answered, a trifle coldly,

"I don't think any body could be lonely with 'papa.'"

Mr. Waring bowed, with a pleasant compliment for "papa," and his visitor went out mollified. "That's John Baylie's own daughter!" mused the lawyer as he resumed his papers. I shouldn't like to tell him her errand to-day, however. But it's a brave little girl. This work will ease her heart. I'm glad I gave it to her."

Many times after this he thought he would accept her frank invitation to call upon "papa," but one thing and another put it off, and thus spring went and summer deepened.

Regularly, however, she made her calls at his office for "copying," and as regularly was it supplied.

Meanwhile life at Warehill moved on more smoothly than before. The little fund which was paying in so secretly had lightened the load.

"Kathie, you must be growing economical," Mr. Baylie half jestingly observed one day. "Your housekeeping bills are wonderfully reduced."

"Bless you, Sir," answered the faithful Kathie, to whom Rosamond's secret was as sacred as death, "summer, you see, makes all the difference in the world. There's the fires you know, and the vegetables."

So Mr. Baylie was lovingly deceived.

It was toward the latter part of the summer that Mr. Waring, out riding, made the call he had been contemplating so long. It was well understood between himself and Miss Baylie that her father was to be ignorant of her business acquaintance with him; so he must put this call upon the list of accidents, for John Baylie in his sensitive pride had never invited him.

The sound of a flute came to him with a piano accompaniment as he rode up. "Miss Baylie has a visitor," he presumed.

The presumption was incorrect, for the door stood wide open, and while he waited on the steps he saw it was only "papa."

Mr. Baylie's "Pleased to see you, Mr. Waring," was somewhat stiff and haughty of tone, but by-and-by his old love of genial society warmed up under Mr. Waring's sympathetic tastes; and when Mr. Waring left, there was as cordial an invitation to repeat the visit from the host as from the hostess. The ice once broken, he formed the habit of dropping in upon them quite frequently, and Rosamond enjoyed her father's enjoyment of this new and valuable accession to his isolated life more than any thing else.

Into all their brilliant talks—and there were few more brilliant talkers or deeper thinkers than John Baylie and Renshawe Waring—little Bun flung her delicate thread of thought, led on by her father, who never for one moment forgot her. In such pleasant ways the summer went and autumn came. Then winter brought again the great roaring fires, but still Kathie's housekeeping was as mysteriously economized as ever. Mr. Baylie couldn't see into it, he said; but Kathie's ingenuity here again beguiled him.

"I'm getting used to the ways of the house, you see, Sir, and that makes all the difference in the world," she said. This rather ambiguous sentence amused him somewhat, but he thought Kathie knew what she meant better than he did. Indeed she did.

One day in December Rosamond came in, cheeks and lips aglow, and eyes sparkling with the news: "Oh such splendid skating down to Warehill pond! Will you try it with me, papa?"

It grieved John Baylie to refuse the least pleasure to one whose pleasures were so limited; but he never skated. She had not seen Mr. Waring as she entered; but hearing what she said, he came forward and offered his services. If Miss Baylie would allow him he should like to try his skill once more. He could skate very well years ago. Miss Baylie was frankly delighted, and the next time Renshawe Waring appeared he was ready to attend her.

Now it must be confessed that Bun was an awkward little skater; she was only trying, you know; but Mr. Waring was as firm as she was unsteady, and many a tumble he saved her by his steady guidance. Leaving his daughter in such good hands, John Baylie was content to remain over his books or writing indoors. But in those hands she was learning a new lesson. And Renshawe Waring?

Renshawe Waring had for years disdained general society. Once he had been a leader in it, brilliant and admired. Some experience had changed the current, and he became what we see him at forty, a profound and successful lawyer. The society he disdained said he was a disappointed man. He did not appear so now. Was Renshawe Waring learning a new lesson too?

After much careful teaching Miss Rosamond determined to try her strength alone. It was one afternoon just at sunset, a cold still day, and the pond was like a surface of glass. Away she went, skimming over its smoothness in a very creditable manner; but at last she turns a false step, and she wavers—a giddy fear comes across her.

"Oh, Mr. Waring!" she exclaims. Mr. Waring did not need the call; he sees her distress—one swift movement, and as she wavers again, with outstretched arms he approaches, and as she falls he catches her against his breast. For a moment he holds her there. "Little Bun, you couldn't do without me here. I wish I could always be as necessary to you. Will you trust yourself with me for life, my darling?"

Her "Yes," low spoken, thrilled his heart with happiness.

Then home he took her straight into the presence of John Baylie, with these direct words: "Mr. Baylie, will you give me your little Bun?" For a brief space the father's heart felt a sharp pang. His little Bun! all he had in the world! Then the sure safety, the happiness for her triumphed; and he put out his hand:

"Mr. Waring, I believe you are worthy even of little Bun. I hope you love her half as well as her father does."

"But I can not leave my father, Mr. Waring, when, when—"

"You blessed child, you never shall! I do not think *I* could leave your father, Bun."

Thus they settled it.

Again it is the first of January, and in a low wide room, where the fire burns and blazes up the great chimney, Rosamond Baylie sits a bride—the wife of Renshawe Waring. Once more little Bun has her Happy New Year. The great world that a year ago scorned her now finds out its mistake, and opens its arms to her; but there are dearer arms within whose sheltering fold she finds happiness.

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER LXII.

Our vows are exchanged at the altar—the rite which made Lilian my wife is performed—we are returned from the church, among the hills, in which my fathers had worshiped, the joy-bells that rang for my marriage had pealed for my birth. Lilian has gone to her room to prepare for our bridal excursion, while the carriage we have hired is waiting at the door. I am detaining her mother on the lawn, seeking to cheer and compose her spirits, painfully affected by that sense of change in the relations of child and parent which makes itself suddenly felt by the parent's heart on the day that secures to the child another heart on which to lean.

But Mrs. Ashleigh's was one of those gentle womanly natures which, if easily afflicted, are easily consoled. And, already smiling through her tears, she was about to quit me and join her daughter, when one of the inn servants came to me with some letters, which had just been delivered by the postman. As I took them from the servant, Mrs. Ashleigh asked if there were any letters for her? She expected one from her housekeeper at L——, who had been taken ill in her absence, and about whom the kind mistress felt anxious. The servant replied that there was no letter for her, but one directed to Miss Ashleigh, which he had just sent up to the young lady.

Mrs. Ashleigh did not doubt that her housekeeper had written to Lilian, whom she had known from the cradle, and to whom she was tenderly attached, instead of to her mistress, and saying something to me to that effect, quickened her steps toward the house.

I was glancing over my own letters, chiefly from patients, with a rapid eye, when a cry of agony, a cry as of one suddenly stricken to the heart, pierced my ear—a cry from within the house. "Heavens! was not that Lilian's voice?" The same doubt struck Mrs. Ashleigh, who had already gained the door. She rushed on, disappearing within the threshold, and calling to me to follow. I bounded forward—passed her on the stairs—was in Lilian's room before her.

My bride was on the floor, prostrate, insensible. So still, so colorless! that my first dreadful thought was that life had gone. In her hand was a letter, crushed, as with a convulsive sudden grasp.

It was long before the color came back to her cheek, before the breath was perceptible on her lip. She woke, but not to health, not to sense. Hours were passed in violent convulsions, in which I momently feared her death. To these succeeded stupor, lethargy, not benignant sleep. That night, my bridal night, I passed as in some chamber to which I had been summoned to save youth from the grave. At length, at length, life was rescued, was assured! Life came back, but the mind was gone. She knew me not, nor her mother. She spoke little and faintly; in the words she uttered there was no reason.

I pass hurriedly on; my experience here was in fault, my skill ineffectual. Day followed day and no ray came back to the darkened brain. We bore her, by gentle stages, to London. I was sanguine of good result from skill more consummate than mine, and more specially devoted to diseases of the mind. I summoned the first advisers. In vain!—in vain!

CHAPTER LXIII.

And the cause of this direful shock? Not this time could it be traced to some evil spell, some phantasmal influence. The cause was clear, and might have produced effects as sinister on nerves of stronger fibre if accompanied with a heart as delicately sensitive, an honor as exquisitely pure.

The letter found in her hand was without name; it was dated from L——, and bore the post-mark of that town. It conveyed to Lilian, in the biting words which female malice can make so sharp, the tale we had sought sedulously to guard from her ear—her flight, the construction that scandal put upon it. It affected for my blind infatuation a contemptuous pity; it asked her to pause before she brought on the name I offered to her an indelible disgrace. If she so decided, she was warned not to return to L——, or to prepare there for the sentence that would exclude her from the society of her own sex. I can not repeat more, I can not minute down all that the letter expressed or implied, to wither the orange blossoms in a bride's wreath. The heart that took in the venom cast its poison on the brain, and the mind fled before the presence of a thought so deadly to all the ideas which its innocence had heretofore conceived.

I knew not whom to suspect of the malignity of this mean and miserable outrage, nor did I much care to know. The handwriting, though evidently disguised, was that of a woman, and, therefore, had I discovered the author, my manhood would have forbidden me the idle solace of revenge. Mrs. Poyntz, however resolute and pitiless her hostility when once aroused, was not without a certain largeness of nature irreconcilable with the most dastardly of all the weapons that hatred or envy can supply to the vile. She had too lofty a self-esteem and too decorous a regard for the moral sentiment of the world that she typified, to do, or connive at, an act which degrades the gentlewoman. Putting her aside, what other female enemy had Lilian provoked? No matter! What other woman at L—— was worth the condescension of a conjecture?

After listening to all that the ablest of my professional brethren in the metropolis could suggest to guide me, and trying in vain their remedies, I brought back my charge to L——. Retaining my former residence for the visits of patients, I engaged, for the privacy of my home, a house two miles from the town, secluded in its own grounds, and guarded by high walls.

Lilian's mother removed to my mournful dwelling-place. Abbots' House, in the centre of that tattling coterie, had become distasteful to her, and to me it was associated with thoughts of anguish and of terror. I could not, without a shudder, have entered its grounds—could not, without a stab at the heart, have seen again the old fairy land round the Monks' Well, nor the dark cedar-tree under which Lilian's hand had been placed in mine: And a superstitious remembrance, banished while Lilian's angel face had brightened the fatal precincts, now revived in full force. The dying man's curse—had it not been fulfilled!

A new occupant for the old house was found within a week after Mrs. Ashleigh had written from London to a house-agent at L——, intimating her desire to dispose of the lease. Shortly before we had gone to Windermere Miss Brabazon had become enriched by a liberal life-annuity bequeathed to her by her uncle, Sir Phelim. Her means thus enabled her to move, from the comparatively humble lodging she had hitherto occupied, to Abbots' House; but just as she had there commenced a series of ostentatious entertainments, implying an ambitious desire to dispute with Mrs. Poyntz the sovereignty of the Hill, she was attacked by some severe malady which appeared complicated with spinal disease, and after my return to L—— I sometimes met her, on the spacious platform of the Hill, drawn along slowly in a Bath chair, her livid face peering forth from piles of Indian shawls and Siberian furs, and the gaunt figure of Dr. Jones stalking by her side, taciturn and gloomy as some sincere mourner who conducts to the grave the patron on whose life he had conveniently lived himself. It was in the dismal month of February that I returned to L——, and I took possession of my blighted nuptial home on the anniversary of the very day in which I had passed through the dead dumb world from the naturalist's gloomy death-room.

CHAPTER LXIV.

Lilian's wondrous gentleness of nature did not desert her in the suspension of her reason. She was habitually calm—very silent; when she spoke it was rarely on earthly things—on things familiar to her past—things one could comprehend. Her thought seemed to have quitted the earth, seeking refuge in some imaginary heaven. She spoke of wanderings with her father as if he were living still; she did not seem to understand the meaning we attach to the word Death. She would sit for hours murmuring to herself; when one sought to catch the words, they seemed in converse with invisible spirits. We found it cruel to disturb her at such times, for if left unmolested, her face was serene—more serenely beautiful than I had seen it even in our happiest hours; but when we called her back to the wrecks of her real life, her eye became troubled, restless, anxious, and she would sigh—oh, so heavily! At times, if we did not seem to observe her, she would quietly resume her once favorite accomplishments—drawing, music. And in these her young excellence was still apparent, only the drawings were strange and fantastic; they had a resemblance to those with which the painter Blake, himself a visionary, illustrated the Poems of the "Night Thoughts" and "The Grave." Faces of exquisite loveliness, forms of aerial grace, coming forth from the bells of flowers, or floating upward amidst the spray of fountains, their outlines melting away in fountain or in flower. So with her music: her mother could not recognize the airs she played, for a while so sweetly and with so ineffable a pathos that one could scarcely hear her without weeping; and then would come, as if involuntarily, an abrupt discord, and, starting, she would cease and look around, disquieted, aghast.

And still she did not recognize Mrs. Ashleigh nor myself as her mother, her husband; but she had by degrees learned to distinguish us both from others. To her mother she gave no name, seemed pleased to see her, but not sensibly to miss her when away; me she called her brother: if longer absent than usual, me she missed. When, after the toils of the day, I came to join her, even if she spoke not, her sweet face brightened. When she sang, she beckoned me to come near to her, and looked at me fixedly, with eyes ever tender, often tearful: when she drew, she would pause and glance over her shoulder to see that I was watching her, and point to the drawings with a smile of strange significance, as if they conveyed, in some covert allegory, messages meant for me; so, at least, I interpreted her smile, and taught myself to say, "Yes, Lilian, I understand!"

And more than once, when I had so answered, she rose and kissed my forehead. I thought my heart would have broken when I felt that spirit-like melancholy kiss.

And yet how marvelously the human mind teaches itself to extract consolations from its sorrows! The least wretched of my hours were those that I passed in that saddened room, seeking how to establish fragments of intercourse, invent signs, by which each might interpret each, between the intellect I had so laboriously cultured, so arrogantly vaunted, and the fancies wandering through the dark, deprived of their guide in reason. It was something even of joy to feel myself needed for her guardianship, endeared and yearned for still by some unshattered instinct of her heart; and when parting from her for the night, I stole the moment in which on her soft face seemed resting least of shadow to ask, in a trembling whisper, "Lilian, are the angels watching over you?" and she would answer "Yes," sometimes in words, sometimes with a mysterious happy smile—then—then I went to my lonely room, comforted and thankful.

CHAPTER LXV.

The blow that had fallen on my hearth effectually, inevitably killed all the slander that might have troubled me in joy. Before the awe of a great calamity the small passions of a mean malignity slink abashed. I had requested Mrs. Ashleigh not to mention the vile letter which Lilian had received. I would not give a triumph to the unknown calumniator, nor wring forth her vain remorse by the pain of acknowledging an indignity to my darling's honor; yet, somehow or other, the true cause of Lilian's affliction had crept out—perhaps through the talk of servants—and the Public shock was universal. By one of those instincts of justice that lie deep in human hearts, though in ordinary moments overlaid by many a worldly layer, all felt (all mothers felt, especially) that innocence alone could have been so unprepared for reproach. The explanation I had previously given, discredited then, was now accepted without a question. Lilian's present state accounted for all that ill-nature had before misconstrued. Her good name was restored to its maiden whiteness by the fate that had severed the ties of the bride. The formal dwellers on the Hill vied with the franker, warmer-hearted households of Low Town in the nameless attentions by which sympathy and respect are rather delicately indicated than noisily proclaimed. Could Lilian have then recovered and been sensible of its repentant homage, how reverently that petty world would have thronged around her! And, ah! could fortune and man's esteem have atoned for the blight of hopes that had been planted and cherished on ground beyond their reach, ambition and pride might have been well contented with the largeness of the exchange that courted their acceptance. Patients on patients crowded on me. Sympathy with my sorrow seemed to create and endear a more trustful belief in my skill. But the profession I had once so enthusiastically loved became to me wearisome, insipid, distasteful; the kindness heaped on me gave no comfort; it but brought before me more vividly the conviction that it came too late to avail me: it could not restore to me the mind, the love, the life of my life, which lay dark and shattered in the brain of my guileless Lilian. Secretly I felt a sullen resentment. I knew that to the crowd the resentment was unjust. The world itself is but an appearance; who can blame it if appearances guide its laws? But to those

[Continued on Page 46.]

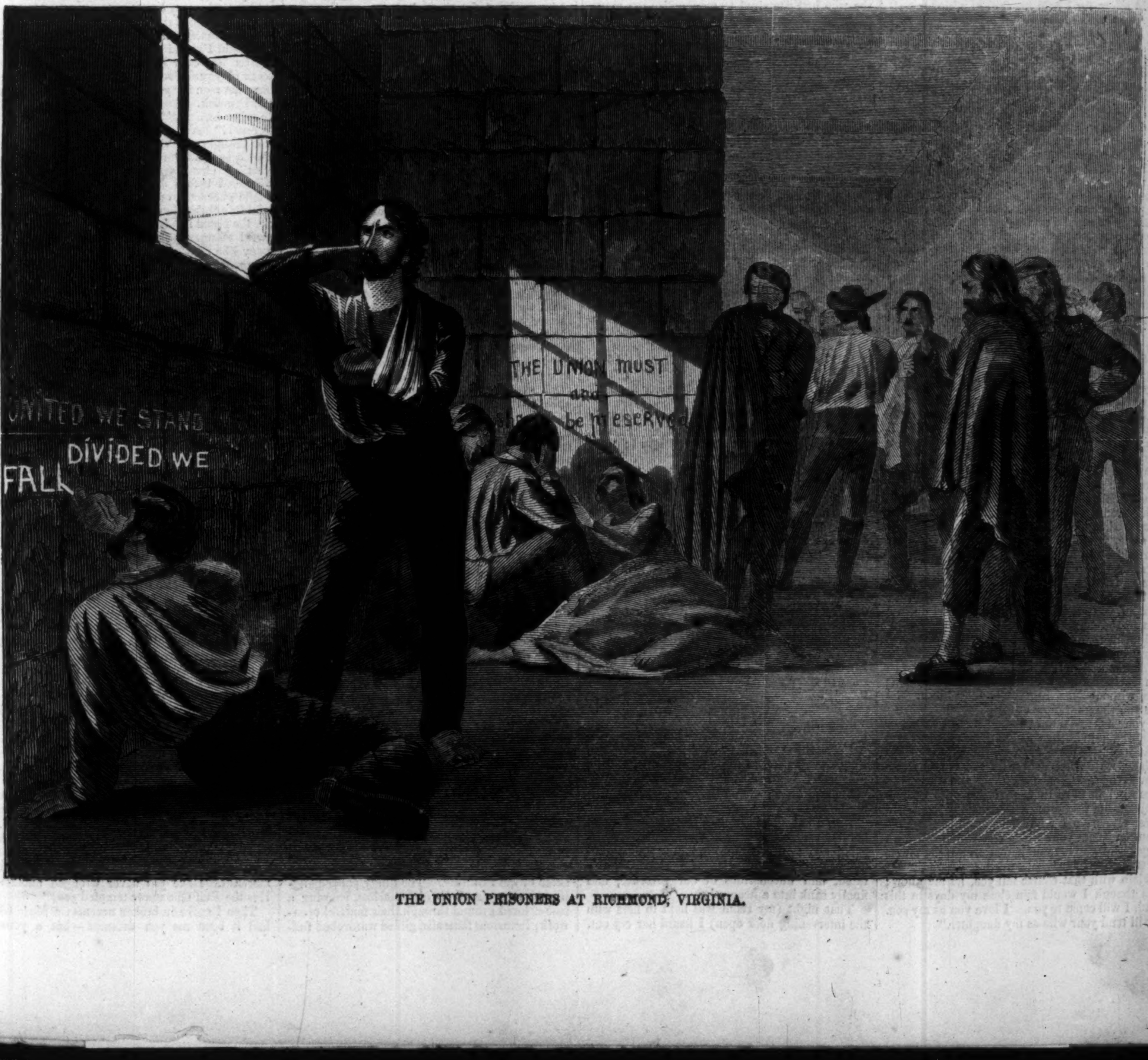
THE SKATING SEASON—1862.

SURPRISE OF REBELS BETWEEN HURRICANE AND LOGAN, WESTERN VIRGINIA, BY A DETACHMENT OF COLONEL PIATT'S ZOUAVES (THIRTY-FOURTH OHIO VOLUNTEERS), UNDER LIEUTENANT ROWE.—[SKETCHED BY SERGEANT HILLEN.]

SKIRMISH IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

WE publish herewith an illustration of the surprise of a party of rebels in Western Virginia by a detachment of the Thirty-fourth Ohio Volunteers. The officer who sent us the sketch appended the following note:

Herewith I send you a sketch by our color-bearer, Sergeant Hillen. It vividly represents the utter rout of a party of rebels who were encamped in the mountains between Hurricane Bridge and Logan Court House, Western Virginia. A detachment of Piatt's Zouaves, under command of Lieutenant Richard Rowe, numbering 90 men, surprised (at six o'clock in the morning, December 3) 300 rebels, whom they gallantly attacked and routed, wounding several and taking three prisoners, our side sustaining no loss.



THE UNION PRISONERS AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

[*Continued from Page* 43.]

who had been detached from the crowd by the professions of friendship—those who, when the slander was yet new, and might have been awed into silence had they stood by my side—to the pressure of *their* hands *now* I had no response.

Against Mrs. Poyntz, above all others, I bore a remembrance of unrelaxed, unmitigable indignation. Her schemes for her daughter's marriage had triumphed: Jane was Mrs. Ashleigh Sumner. Her mind was, perhaps, softened now that the object which had sharpened its worldly faculties was accomplished; but in vain, on first hearing of my affliction, had this she Machiavel owned a humane remorse, and, with all her keen comprehension of each facility that circumstance gave to her will, availed herself of the general compassion to strengthen the popular reaction in favor of Lilian's assaulted honor—in vain had she written to me with a gentleness of sympathy foreign to her habitual characteristics—in vain besought me to call on her—in vain waylaid and accosted me with a humility that almost implored forgiveness. I vouchsafed no reproach, but I could imply no pardon. I put between her and my great sorrow the impenetrable wall of my freezing silence.

One word of hers at the time that I had so pathetically besought her aid, and the parrot-flock that repeated her very whisper in noisy shrillness would have been as loud to defend as it had been to defame; that vile letter might never have been written. Whoever its writer, it surely was one of the babblers who took their malice itself from the jest or the nod of their female despot; and the writer might have justified herself in saying she did but coarsely proclaim what the oracle of worldly opinion, and the early friend of Lilian's own mother, had authorized her to believe.

By degrees the bitterness at my heart diffused itself to the circumference of the circle in which my life went its cheerless mechanical round. That cordial brotherhood with his patients, which is the true physician's happiest gift and humanest duty, forsook my breast. The warning words of Mrs. Poyntz had come true. A patient that monopolized my thoughts awaited me at my own hearth! My conscience became troubled; I felt that my skill was lessened. I said to myself, "The physician who, on entering the sick room, feels, while there, something that distracts the finest powers of his intellect from the sufferer's case, is unfit for his calling." A year had scarcely passed since my fatal wedding-day before I had formed a resolution to quit L——, and abandon my profession; and my resolution was confirmed, and my goal determined, by a letter I received from Julius Faber.

I had written at length to him, not many days after the blow that had fallen on me, stating all circumstances as calmly and clearly as my grief would allow, for I held his skill at a higher estimate than that of any living brother of my art, and I was not without hope in the efficacy of his advice. The letter I now received from him had been begun, and continued at some length, before my communication reached him. And this earlier portion contained animated and cheerful descriptions of his Australian life and home, which contrasted with the sorrowful tone of the supplement written in reply to the tidings with which I had wrung his friendly and tender heart. In this, the latter, part of his letter, he suggested that if time had wrought no material change for the better, it might be advisable to try the effect of foreign travel. Scenes entirely new might stimulate observation, and the observation of things external withdraw the sense from that brooding over images delusively formed within which characterized the kind of mental alienation I had described. "Let any intellect create for itself a visionary world, and all reasonings built on it are fallacious; the visionary world vanishes in proportion as we can arouse a predominant interest in the actual."

This grand authority, who owed half his consummate skill as a practitioner to the scope of his knowledge as a philosopher, then proceeded to give me a hope which I had not dared, of myself, to form. He said, "I distinguish the case you so minutely detail from that insanity which is reason lost; here it seems rather to be reason held in suspense. Where there is hereditary predisposition, where there is organic change of structure in the brain—nay, where there is that kind of insanity which takes the epithet of moral, whereby the whole character becomes so transformed that the prime element of sound understanding, conscience itself, is either erased or warped into the sanction of what, in a healthful state, it would most disapprove, it is only charlatans who promise effectual cure. But here I assume that there is no hereditary taint; here I am convinced, from my own observation, that the mobility of the organs, all fresh as yet in the vigor of youth, would rather submit to death than to the permanent overthrow of their equilibrium in reason; here, where you tell me the character preserves all its moral attributes of gentleness and purity, and but over-indulges its own early habit of estranged contemplation; here, without deceiving you in false kindness, I give you the guarantee of my experience when I bid you 'hope!' I am persuaded that, sooner or later, the mind, thus for a time affected, will right itself; because here, in the course of the malady, we do but deal with the nervous system. And *that*, once righted, and the mind once disciplined in those practical duties which conjugal life necessitates, the malady itself will never return; never be transmitted to the children, on whom your wife's restoration to health may permit you to count hereafter. If the course of travel I recommend and the prescriptions I enjoin with that course fail you, let me know; and though I would fain close my days in this land, I will come to you. I love you as my son. I will tend your wife as my daughter."

Foreign travel! The idea smiled on me. Julius Faber's companionship, sympathy, matchless skill! The very thought seemed as a raft to a drowning mariner. I now read more attentively the earlier portions of his letter. They described, in glowing colors, the wondrous country in which he had fixed his home; the joyous elasticity of its atmosphere; the freshness of its primitive pastoral life; the strangeness of its scenery, with a Flora and a Fauna which have no similitudes in the ransacked quarters of the Old World. And the strong impulse seized me to transfer to the solitudes of that blithesome and hardy Nature a spirit no longer at home in the civilized haunts of men, and household gods that shrunk from all social eyes, and would fain have found a wilderness for the desolate hearth, on which they had ceased to be sacred if unveiled. As if to give practical excuse and reason for the idea that seized me, Julius Faber mentioned, incidentally, that the house and property of a wealthy speculator in his immediate neighborhood were on sale at a price which seemed to me alluringly trivial, and, according to his judgment, far below the value they would soon reach in the hands of a more patient capitalist. He wrote at the period of the agricultural panic in the colony which preceded the discovery of its earliest gold-fields. But his geological science had convinced him that strata within and around the property now for sale were auriferous, and his intelligence enabled him to predict how inevitably man would be attracted toward the gold, and how surely the gold would fertilize the soil and enrich its owners. He described the house thus to be sold—in case I might know of a purchaser; it had been built at a cost unusual in those early times, and by one who clung to English tastes amidst Australian wilds, so that in this purchase a settler would escape the hardships he had then ordinarily to encounter; it was, in short, a home to which a man, more luxurious than I, might bear a bride with wants less simple than those which now sufficed for my darling Lilian.

This communication dwelt on my mind through the avocations of the day on which I received it, and in the evening I read all, except the supplement, aloud to Mrs. Ashleigh in her daughter's presence. I desired to see if Faber's descriptions of the country and its life, which in themselves were extremely spirited and striking, would arouse Lilian's interest. At first, she did not seem to heed me while I read, but when I came to Faber's loving account of little Amy, Lilian turned her eyes toward me, and evidently listened with attention. He wrote how the Child had already become the most useful person in the simple household. How watchful the quickness of the heart had made the service of the eye; all their associations of comfort had grown round her active, noiseless movements; it was she who had contrived to monopolize the management or supervision of all that added to Home the nameless interior charm; under her eyes the rude furniture of the log-house grew inviting with English neatness; she took charge of the dairy; she had made the garden gay with flowers selected from the wild, and suggested the trellised walk, already covered with hardy vine; she was their confidante in every plan of improvement, their comforter in every anxious doubt, their nurse in every passing ailment; her very smile a refreshment in the weariness of daily toil. "How all that is best in womanhood," wrote the old man, with the enthusiasm which no time had reft from his hearty, healthful genius—"How all that is best in womanhood is here opening fast into flower from the bud of the infant's soul! The atmosphere seems to suit it—the child-woman in the child-world!"

I heard Lilian sigh; I looked toward her furtively; tears stood in her softened eyes; her lip was quivering. Presently she began to rub her right hand over the left—over the wedding-ring—at first slowly, then with quicker movement.

"It is not here," she said, impatiently; "it is *not* here!"

"What is not here?" asked Mrs. Ashleigh, hanging over her.

Lilian leaned back her head on her mother's bosom, and answered faintly:

"The stain! some one said there was a stain on this hand. I do not see it—do you?"

"There is no stain, never was," said I; "the hand is white as your own innocence, or the lily from which you take your name."

"Hush! you do not know my name. I will whisper it. Soft!—my name is Nightshade! Do you want to know where the lily is now, brother? I will tell you. There, in that letter—you call her Amy—she is the lily—take her to your breast—hide her. Hist! what are those bells? Marriage-bells. Do not let her hear them. For there is a cruel wind that whispers the bells, and the bells ring out what it whispers, louder and louder,

'Stain on lily,
Shame on lily,
Wither lily.'

If she hears what the wind whispers to the bells, she will creep away into the dark, and then she, too, will turn to Nightshade."

"Lilian, look up, awake! You have been in a long, long dream: it is passing away. Lilian, my beloved, my blessed Lilian!"

Never till then had I heard from her even so vague an allusion to the fatal calumny, and its dreadful effect; and while her words now pierced my heart, it beat, among its pangs, with a thrilling hope.

But, alas! the idea that had gleamed upon her had vanished already. She murmured something about Circles of Fire, and a Veiled Woman in black garments; became restless, agitated, and unconscious of our presence, and finally sank into a heavy sleep.

That night (my room was next to hers with the intervening door open) I heard her cry out. I hastened to her side. She was still asleep, but there was an anxious laboring expression on her young face, and yet not an expression wholly of pain—for her lips were parted with a smile—that glad yet troubled smile with which one who has been revolving some subject of perplexity or fear greets a sudden thought that seems to solve the riddle, or prompt the escape from danger; and as I softly took her hand she returned my gentle pressure, and inclining toward me, said, still in sleep,

"Let us go."

"Whither?" I answered, under my breath, so as not to awake her; "is it to see the child of whom I read, and the land that is blooming out of the earth's childhood?"

"Out of the dark into the light; where the leaves do not change; where the night is our day, and the winter our summer. Let us go—let us go!"

"We will go. Dream on undisturbed, my bride. Oh that the dream could tell you that my love has not changed in our sorrow, holier and deeper than on the day in which our vows were exchanged! In you still all my hopes fold their wings: where you are, there still I myself have my dream-land!"

The sweet face grew bright as I spoke; all trouble left the smile; softly she drew her hand from my clasp, and rested it for a moment on my bended head, as if in blessing.

I rose; stole back to my own room, closing the door, lest the sob I could not stifle should mar her sleep.

CHAPTER LXVI.

I UNFOLDED my new prospects to Mrs. Ashleigh. She was more easily reconciled to them than I could have supposed, judging by her habits, which were naturally indolent, and averse to all that disturbed their even tenor. But the great grief which had befallen her had roused up that strength of devotion which lies dormant in all hearts that are capable of loving another more than self. With her full consent I wrote to Faber, communicating my intentions, instructing him to purchase the property he had so commended, and inclosing my banker's order for the amount on an Australian firm. I now announced my intention to retire from my profession; made prompt arrangements with a successor to my practice; disposed of my two houses at L——; fixed the day of my departure. Vanity was dead within me, or I might have been gratified by the sensation which the news of my design created. My faults became at once forgotten: such good qualities as I might possess were exaggerated. The public regret vented and consoled itself in a costly testimonial, to which even the poorest of my patients insisted on the privilege to contribute, graced with an inscription flattering enough to have served for the epitaph on some great man's tomb. No one who has served an art and striven for a name is a stoic to the esteem of others; and sweet indeed would such honors have been to me had not publicity itself seemed a wrong to the sanctity of that affliction which set Lilian apart from the movement and the glories of the world.

The two persons most active in "getting up" this testimonial were, nominally, Colonel Poyntz—in truth, his wife—and my old disparager, Mr. Vigors! It is long since my narrative has referred to Mr. Vigors. It is due to him now to state that, in his capacity of magistrate, and in his own way, he had been both active and delicate in the inquiries set on foot for Lilian during the unhappy time in which she had wandered, spell-bound, from her home. He alone, of all the more influential magnates of the town, had upheld her innocence against the gossip that aspersed it; and during the last trying year of my residence at L——, he had sought me, with frank and manly confessions of his regret for his former prejudice against me, and assurances of the respect in which he had held me ever since my marriage—marriage but in rite—with Lilian. He had then, strong in his ruling passion, besought me to consult his clairvoyants as to her case. I declined this invitation, so as not to affront him—declined it, not as I should once have done, but with no word nor look of incredulous disdain. The fact was, that I had conceived a solemn terror of all practices and theories out of the beaten track of sense and science. Perhaps in my refusal I did wrong. I know not. I was afraid of my own imagination. He continued not less friendly in spite of my refusal. And, such are the vicissitudes in human feeling, I parted from him whom I had regarded as my most bigoted foe with a warmer sentiment of kindness than for any of those on whom I had counted on friendship. *He* had not deserted Lilian. It was not so with Mrs. Poyntz. I would have paid ten-fold the value of the testimonial to have erased, from the list of those who subscribed to it, her husband's name.

The day before I quitted L——, and some weeks after I had, in fact, renounced my practice, I received an urgent entreaty from Miss Brabazon to call on her. She wrote in lines so blurred that I could with difficulty decipher them, that she was very ill, given over by Dr. Jones, who had been attending her. She implored my opinion.

CHAPTER LXVII.

ON reaching the house a formal man-servant, with indifferent face, transferred me to the guidance of a hired nurse, who led me up the stairs, and, before I was well aware of it, into the room in which Dr. Lloyd had died. Widely different, indeed, the aspect of the walls, the character of the furniture. The dingy paper-hangings were replaced by airy muslins, showing a rose-colored ground through their fanciful openwork; luxurious fauteuils, gilded wardrobes, full-length mirrors, a toilet-table tricked out with lace and ribbons, and glittering with an array of silver gewgaws and jeweled trinkets—all transformed the sick chamber of the simple man of science to a boudoir of death for the vain coquette. But the room itself, in its high lattice and heavy ceiling, was the same—as the coffin itself has the same confines whether it be rich in velvets and bright with blazoning, or rude as a pauper's shell.

And the bed, with its silken coverlet, and its pillows edged with the thread-work of Louvain, stood in the same sharp angle as that over which had flickered the frowning smoke-reek above the dying resentful foe. As I approached, a man, who was seated beside the sufferer, turned round his face, and gave me a silent kindly nod of recognition. He was Mr. C——, one of the clergy of the town, the one with whom I had the most frequently come into contact wherever the physician resigns to the priest the language that bids man hope. Mr. C——, as a preacher, was renowned for his touching eloquence; as a pastor, revered for his benignant piety; as friend and neighbor, beloved for a sweetness of nature which seemed to regulate all the movements of a mind eminently masculine by the beat of a heart tender as the gentlest woman's.

This good man, then whispering something to the sufferer which I did not overhear, stole toward me, took me by the hand, and said, also in a whisper, "Be merciful as Christians are." He led me to the bedside, there left me, went out, and closed the door.

"Do you think I am really dying, Dr. Fenwick?" said a feeble voice. "I fear Dr. Jones has misunderstood my case. I wish I had called you in at the first, but—but I could not—I could not! Will you feel my pulse? Don't you think you could do me good?"

I had no need to feel the pulse in that skeleton wrist; the aspect of the face sufficed to tell me that death was drawing near.

Mechanically, however, I went through the hackneyed formulæ of professional questions. This vain ceremony done, as gently and delicately as I could, I implied the expediency of concluding, if not yet settled, those affairs which relate to this world.

"This duty," I said, "in relieving the mind from care for others to whom we owe the forethought of affection, often relieves the body also of many a gnawing pain, and sometimes, to the surprise of the most experienced physician, prolongs life itself."

"Ah," said the old maid, peevishly, "I understand! But it is not my will that troubles me. I should not be left to a nurse from a hospital if my relations did not know that my annuity dies with me; and I forestalled it in furnishing this house, Dr. Fenwick, and all these pretty things will be sold to pay those horrid tradesmen!—very hard! so hard!—just as I had got things about me in the way I always said I would have them if I could ever afford it. I always said I would have my bedroom hung with muslin, like dear Lady L.'s; and the drawing-room in geranium-colored silk: so pretty. You have not seen it: you would not know the house, Dr. Fenwick. And just when all is finished, to be taken away, and thrust into the grave. It is so cruel!" And she began to weep. Her emotion brought on a violent paroxysm, which, when she recovered from it, had produced one of those startling changes of mind that are sometimes witnessed before death: changes whereby the whole character of a life seems to undergo solemn transformation. The hard will become gentle, the proud meek, the frivolous earnest. That awful moment when the things of earth pass away like dissolving scenes, leaving death visible on the back-ground by the glare that shoots up in the last flicker of life's lamp.

And when she lifted her haggard face from my shoulder, and heard my pitying, soothing voice, it was not the grief of a trifler at the loss of fondled toys that spoke in the falling lines of her lip, in the woe of her pleading eyes.

"So this is death," she said. "I feel it hurrying on. I must speak. I promised Mr. C. that I would. Forgive me, can you—can you? That letter—that letter to Lilian Ashleigh, I wrote it! Oh, do not look at me so terribly; I never thought it could do such evil! And am I not punished enough? I truly believed, when I wrote, that Miss Ashleigh was deceiving you, and once I was silly enough to fancy that you might have liked me. But I had another motive: I had been so poor all my life—I had become rich unexpectedly; I set my heart on this house—I had always fancied it—and I thought if I could prevent Miss Ashleigh marrying you, and scare her and her mother from coming back to L——, I could get the house. And I did get it. What for?—to die. I had not been here a week before I got the hurt that is killing me—a fall down the stairs—coming out of this very room; the stairs had been polished. If I had staid in my old lodging it would not have happened. Oh, say you forgive me! Say, say it, even if you do not feel you can! Say it!" And the miserable woman grasped me by the arm as Dr. Lloyd had grasped me.

I shaded my averted face with my hand; my heart heaved with the agony of my suppressed passion. A wrong, however deep, only to myself, I could have pardoned without effort; *such* a wrong to Lilian—no! I could not say "I forgive."

The dying wretch was perhaps more appalled by my silence than she would have been by my reproach. Her voice grew shrill in her despair.

"You will not pardon me! I shall die with your curse on my head. Mercy! mercy! That good man, Mr. C., assured me you would be merciful. Have *you* never wronged another? Has the Evil One never tempted *you*?"

Then I spoke in broken accents: "Me! Oh, had it been me you defamed—but a young

creature so harmless, so unoffending, and for so miserable a motive!"

"But I tell you, I swear to you, I never dreamed I could cause such sorrow; and that young man, that Margrave, put it into my head!"

"Margrave! He had left L—— long before that letter was written."

"But he came back for a day just before I wrote: it was the very day. I met him in the lane yonder. He asked after you—after Miss Ashleigh; and when he spoke he laughed, and I said, 'Miss Ashleigh had been ill, and was gone away;' and he laughed again. And I thought he knew more than he would tell me, so I asked him if he supposed Mrs. Ashleigh would come back, and said how much I should like to take this house if she did not; and again he laughed, and said, 'Birds never stay in the nest after the young ones are hurt,' and went away singing. When I got home his laugh and his song haunted me. I thought I saw him still in my room prompting me to write, and I sat down and wrote. Oh, pardon, pardon me! I have been a foolish poor creature, but never meant to do such harm! The Evil One tempted me! There he is, near me now! I see him yonder! there at the door-way! He comes to claim me! As you hope for mercy yourself, free me from him! Forgive me!"

I made an effort over myself. In naming Margrave as her tempter the woman had suggested an excuse echoed from that innermost cell of my mind, which I recoiled from gazing into, for there I should behold his image. Inexpiable though the injury she had wrought against me and mine, still the woman was human—fellow-creature—like myself; but HE?

I took in both my hands the hand that still pressed my arm, and said, with firm voice,

"Be comforted. In the name of Lilian, my wife, I forgive you for her and for me as freely and as fully as we are enjoined by Him against whose precepts the best of us daily sin, to forgive—we children of wrath—to forgive one another!"

"Heaven bless you!—oh, bless you!" she murmured, sinking back upon her pillow.

"Ah!" thought I, "what if the pardon I grant for a wrong far deeper than I inflicted on him whose imprecation smote me in this chamber, should, indeed, be received as atonement, and this blessing on the lips of the dying annul the dark curse that the dead has left on my path through the Valley of the Shadow!"

I left my patient sleeping quietly—the sleep that precedes the last. As I went down the stairs into the hall I saw Mrs. Poyntz standing at the threshold speaking to the man-servant and the nurse.

I would have passed her with a formal bow, but she stopped me.

"I came to inquire after poor Miss Brabazon," said she. "You can tell me more than the servants can: is there no hope?"

"Let the nurse go up and watch beside her. She may pass away in the sleep into which she has fallen."

"Allen Fenwick, I must speak with you—nay, but for a few minutes. I hear that you leave L—— to-morrow. It is scarcely among the chances of life that we should meet again." While thus saying she drew me along the lawn, down the path that led toward her own home. "I wish," said she, earnestly, "that you could part with a kindlier feeling toward me; but I can scarcely expect it. Could I put myself in your place, and be moved by your feelings, I know that I should be implacable; but I—"

"But you, Madam, are The World! and the World governs itself, and dictates to others, by laws which seem harsh to those who ask from its favor the services which the World can not render, for the World admits favorites but ignores friends. You did but act to me as the World ever acts to those who mistake its favor for its friendship."

"It is true," said Mrs. Poyntz, with blunt candor; and we continued to walk on silently. At length she said, abruptly, "But do you not rashly deprive yourself of your only consolation in sorrow? When the heart suffers does your skill admit any remedy like occupation to the mind? Yet you abandon that occupation to which your mind is most accustomed; you desert your career; you turn aside, in the midst of the race, from the fame which awaits at the goal; you go back from civilization itself, and dream that all your intellectual cravings can find content in the life of a herdsman, amidst the monotony of a wild! No, you will repent, for you are untrue to your mind."

"I am sick of the word 'mind!'" said I, bitterly. And therewith I relapsed into musing.

The enigmas which had foiled my intelligence in the unraveled Sibyl Book of Nature were mysteries strange to every man's normal practice of thought, even if reducible to the fraudulent impressions of outward sense: For illusions in a brain otherwise healthy, suggest problems in our human organization which the colleges that record them rather guess at than solve. But the blow which had shattered my life had been dealt by the hand of a fool. Here, there were no mystic enchantments. Motives the most commonplace and paltry, suggested to a brain as trivial and shallow as ever made the frivolity of woman a theme for the satire of poets, had sufficed, in devastating the field of my affections, to blast the uses for which I had cultured my mind; and had my intellect been as great as Heaven ever gave to man, it would have been as vain a shield as mine against the shaft that had lodged in my heart. While I had, indeed, been preparing my reason and my fortitude to meet such perils, weird and marvelous, as those by which tales round the winter hearth scare the credulous child—a contrivance so vulgar and hackneyed that not a day passes but what some hearth is vexed by an anonymous libel—had wrought a calamity more dread than aught my dark guess into the Shadow-Land, unpierced by Philosophy, could trace to the prompting of malignant witchcraft. So, ever this truth runs through all legends of ghost and demon—through the uniform records of what wonder accredits and science rejects as the supernatural—lo! the dread machinery whose wheels roll through Hades! What need such awful engines for such mean results? The first blockhead we meet in our walk to our grocer's can tell us more than the ghost tells us; the poorest envy we ever aroused hurts us more than the demon! How true an interpreter is Genius to Hell as to Earth. The Fiend comes to Faust, the tired seeker of knowledge; Heaven and Hell stake their cause in the Mortal's temptation. And what does the Fiend to astonish the Mortal? Turn wine into fire, turn love into crime. We need no Mephistopheles to accomplish these marvels every day!

Thus silently thinking, I walked by the side of the world-wise woman; and when she next spoke, I looked up and saw that we were at the Monks' Well, where I had first seen Lilian gazing into heaven.

Mrs. Poyntz had, as we walked, placed her hand on my arm, and, turning abruptly from the path into the glade, I found myself standing by her side in the scene where a new sense of being had first disclosed to my sight the hues with which Love, the passionate beautifier, turns into purple and gold the gray of the common air. Thus, when romance has ended in sorrow, and the Beautiful fades from the landscape, the trite and positive forms of life, banished for a time, reappear, and deepen our mournful remembrance of the glories they replace. And the Woman of the World, finding how little I was induced to respond to her when she had talked of myself, began to speak in her habitual, clear, ringing accents of her own social schemes and devices:

"I shall miss you when you are gone, Allen Fenwick, for though, during the last year or so, all actual intercourse between us has ceased, yet my interest in you gave some occupation to my thoughts when I sat alone—having lost my main object of ambition in settling my daughter, and having no longer any one in the house with whom I could talk of the future, or for whom I could form a project. It is so wearisome to count the changes which pass within us, that we take interest in the changes that pass without. Poyntz still has his weather-glass; I have no longer my Jane."

"I can not linger with you on this spot," said I, impatiently, turning back into the path; she following me, treading over fallen leaves. And unheeding my interruption, she thus continued her hard talk:

"But I am not sick of my mind as you seem to be of yours; I am only somewhat tired of the little cage in which, since it has been alone, it ruffles its plumes against the flimsy wires that confine it from wider space. I shall take up my home for a time with the new-married couple: they want me. Ashleigh Sumner has come into Parliament. He means to attend regularly and work hard, but he does not like Jane to go into the world by herself, and he wishes her to go into the world, because he wants a wife to display his wealth for the improvement of his position. In Ashleigh Sumner's house I shall have ample scope for my energies, such as they are. I have a curiosity to see the few that perch on the wheels of the State, and say, 'It is we who move the wheels!' It will amuse me to learn if I can maintain in a capital the authority I have won in a country town; if not, I can but return to my small principality. Wherever I live I must sway, not serve. If I succeed—as I ought, for in Jane's beauty and Ashleigh's fortune I have materials for the woof of ambition, wanting which here, I fall asleep over my knitting—if I succeed, there will be enough to occupy the rest of my life. Ashleigh Sumner must be a Power; the Power will be represented and enjoyed by my child, and created and maintained by me! Allen Fenwick, do as I do. Be world with the world, and it will only be in moments of spleen and chagrin that you will sigh to think that the heart may be void when the mind is full. Confess you envy me while you listen."

"Not so; all that to you seems so great, appears to me so small! Nature alone is always grand, in her terrors as well as her charms. The World for you; Nature for me. Farewell!"

"Nature," said Mrs. Poyntz, compassionately. "Poor Allen Fenwick! Nature indeed—intellectual suicide! Nay, shake hands, then, if for the last time."

So we shook hands and parted, where the wicket-gate and the stone stairs separated my blighted fairy-land from the common thoroughfare.

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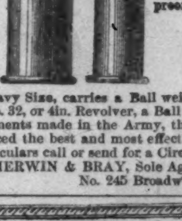

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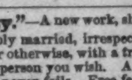

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